

AUGUST 24, 1970

[illegible]

Dreyfus Fund's Howard Stein



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LETTERS

From One Generation to Another

Sir: While your issue on us "old" people [Aug. 3] may be pertinent to some, it sure does not apply to my group, which is having a wonderful time. Our ages run mostly from 61 to 72; we love dancing and night life and frequent parties with loads of champagne. Some of us golf 18 holes.

Yes, we all dislike the hippie generation. Their repulsive appearance makes me label today the "age of ugliness." But don't let us old people concern you. We are doing fine. And we don't riot either.

RUSSELL G. BECK
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Sir: The paradox that is the American way of life never ceases to amaze me. First you spend millions of dollars to find more and better ways to increase the productivity of the land, and then spend millions finding ways to get rid of the surplus and paying farmers not to plant anything. Now as a person involved with health, I am flabbergasted to learn that the nation that spends the most on research directed toward fighting disease, and that boasts one of the longest life expectancies in the world, should pay such little attention to the aged beneficiaries of that research.

JOSÉ L. GARCÍA, D.D.S.
Mexico City

Sir: Congratulations to all who had a head, a hand and a heart in producing TIME's superb cover story on the aged in America. It set the problems, the challenges, the opportunities, the encouragements and the discouragements that face this 10% of our population in crystal-clear perspective.

As a member of this 10%, I feel that perhaps the best advice ever given to us was expressed by famed Baseball Pitcher Satchel Paige when he said, "Never look back—someone may be gaining on you."

WILLIAM S. HOWLAND
Little Deer Isle, Me.

Sir: What a pity the Western culture is unlike the Oriental. The Chinese, who have for centuries held their elders in the highest esteem, have words regarding their aged: The house with an old grandparent harbors a jewel.

(MRS.) ANGELA WONG
Inglewood, Calif.

Sir: I used to resent the fact that because I was born in 1946, the year DDT was put into general use, my life expectancy may be shortened by more than a decade because of pesticide accumulation in my body.

But now, faced with the prospect of growing old in a society where the lines of experience inspire revulsion rather than respect in the young; where I see oldsters struggling to exist on inflated dollars they saved for a carefree retirement; where I see the blank and hopeless faces of wheelchair-bound rows of idle pensioners in a nursing home; where I see old men fishing for carp at the city sewage outfall (the fish gather there to eat) because they can afford no other source of protein, early death by slow poison seems a delightful relief by comparison.

(MRS.) LINDA BETS
Des Moines

Sir: The obsolescence of the elderly in our society is illustrated by the fact that



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in America the suicide rate rises with age. The suicide rate for elderly males is five times the national average. The reason given by the elderly for wanting to kill themselves is, typically, a desire to escape from a world that has become unpleasant and painful.

We will be able to judge the extent of our success in helping the elderly live meaningful lives by watching this index of their misery.

DAVID LESTER
Director of Research
Suicide-Prevention and
Crisis Service, Inc.
Buffalo

Sir: Is our 86-year-old mother the only one growing old who still dives into the lake for her daily swim? She isn't part of "the unwanted generation."

LEWIS and JACK PROBASCO
Williams Bay, Wis.

Sir: My thanks to Ruth Brine and to TIME for having the courage and compassion to expose and explore such a desolate and critical corner of our society.

CANDICE BERGEN
Almeria, Spain

Sir: In your collection of quotes accompanying the article on old age, you might have included this one from another of Albee's plays, *The American Dream*:

"When you get old, you can't talk to people because people snap at you. When you get so old, people talk to you that way. That's why you become deaf, so you won't be able to hear people talking to you that way. And that's why you go and hide under the covers in the big soft bed, so you won't feel the house shaking from people talking to you that way. That's why old people die, eventually."

MOORE MEAD
Littleton, Colo.

Basics Ignored

Sir: Mr. Glenn Kimble thinks that man "won't suffer a hell of a lot if the whooping crane does not make it" [Aug. 3].

In an earlier TIME article on ecology, my once-hero Barry Commoner opined that we erred in feeding fish to cats when "we don't even eat the cats." Both men ignore the two basics: creatures are of value for themselves, not just for man. And man, too, suffers when he loses the beauty of wild creatures or the companionship of pets. We feed fish to Mr. Commoner and we don't eat him either.

(MRS.) RITA ATKINS
Mount Carroll, Ill.

Sir: Glenn Kimble's remark about whooping cranes is applicable to Michelangelo's *Pietà* also. Both are great works of art—unique, irreplaceable.

TOM TOYAMA
Prosser, Wash.

Sir: If clean air and water are part of a Communist conspiracy, maybe we could use more Communism, since capitalism is fast making the air unbreathable and water undrinkable. If the D.A.R.'s ancestors could hear them talking such rubbish, they'd kick their dowdy, flowered behinds.

GAEL GIBNEY
Elgin, Ill.

Sir: Are we so very dim-witted and narrow in America today that we can let only one issue occupy our minds at any one time? Isn't our policy of defoliating

Asian forests just as harmful as our apathy in cleaning up our environment here? Aren't the so-called urban blight, the housing non-conditions, the racial disorders and poverty in America just as murderous as the war in Viet Nam? Come on! It's time we stopped throwing each issue around like a fad, soon leaving it in favor of another.

RUTH MARQUARDT
Oenonta, N.Y.

Interpreting the Interpretation

Sir: Re "Interpreting the Young" [Aug. 3], I am a youth interpreting the memorandum of Dr. Heard and Dr. Cheek to the President. The memo implies that the President alone spoke in Knoxville and I at afterwards students were arrested for "disrupting a religious service." It fails to mention that Mr. Nixon made only brief remarks during a crusade meeting at the invitation of Dr. Billy Graham. Nor does the memo concede that later Mr. Nixon sent a telegram to Leonard Rogers, mayor of Knoxville, asking him to deal leniently with the demonstrators. Numerous disruptions of the President's and others' remarks were noted, among them a jarring chant during a prayer. TIME's pinning of the memo without qualifying statements perpetrates a half-truth.

MRS. SAM VENABLE JR.
Knoxville, Tenn.

Making it Crystall Clear

Sir: The impression one could receive from reading your material relating to the FBI investigation of the student disorders and killings at Kent State University [Aug. 3] is that the FBI has drawn certain precise conclusions relative

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August 3, 1976

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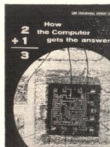
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to the guilt or nonguilt of the persons involved. In order that the record in this highly controversial matter may be kept crystal clear, I would like to state without equivocation that the FBI has drawn no conclusions of any kind in this matter. Further, it has long been the policy of this bureau not to draw conclusions in any case investigated by us.

J. EDGAR HOOVER
Director, FBI
Washington, D.C.

Shades of Red

Sir: Shades of Eric the Red and his son Leif! Where did you get the notion that Keflavik airport in Iceland is jointly operated by the U.S. and Denmark [Aug. 3]?

There have *never* been Danes at Keflavik since the airport was built after the Icelandic government declared independence from Danish protection in 1944. The airport is jointly operated by Iceland and the U.S. Perhaps you were thinking of Greenland, which was colonized by Icelanders in the 10th and 11th centuries and which is now administered by the Danish. From Greenland, of course, the Icelanders went even farther west to discover a place they called Vinland, but that's another story altogether.

OTTAR INDRIDASON
Richmond, Vt.

Like Mother, Like Daughter

Sir: Princess Anne's ill humor with our lady reporters [Aug. 3] reminds me of a delightful story about her mother and grandmother. The Queen took Princess Elizabeth

and Princess Margaret to a ship launching. When Princess Elizabeth started to enter a "no admittance" area, a guard spoke up and said, "I'm sorry, little lady, but you must not enter." The princess stomped her foot and replied, "I'm *not* a little lady! I am the Princess Elizabeth."

The serene and lovely Queen smiled at the guard and said, "She's right, you know, she is *not* a little lady. But she will learn."

HARRIET B. MOORE
Laguna Hills, Calif.

On the Avenue

Sir: I abhor the Madison Avenue organization's attempt to enhance the respectability of irrational opposition to the President's policies for peace [July 27].

The employment of mass media techniques in alliance with antiwar groups is not only disrespectful but also despicable because it is a further source of inspiration and comfort to the enemy. The unpalatable product of these Madison Avenue presentations will be, in fact, protracted conflict for all of Southeast Asia.

DONALD W. BARTLETT
El Paso

Sir: If the TV networks consider this type of advertising "a fresh source of income," they are far more corrupt than Spiro Agnew ever intimidated. These commercials are dirty, slanted, political tactics used by unscrupulous people to undermine the progress President Nixon has made toward ending the war in Indochina.

(MRS.) RUTH ANN JOHNSON
Wisconsin Rapids, Wis.

Ten into Two

Sir: Your story on video cartridges [Aug. 10] called me a "philosopher of the future," and quoted me as predicting the decline of textbooks. Now the printed word has struck back.

That article talks about my leaving NBC to form a company that meshes computer retrieval, CATV and the cartridge, and that I call this the "ultimate 20th century combination." But the final words here are "and [Klein] optimistically predicts that it could reach the market in ten years." I would have to be crazy to be going into business this week to reach that market in ten years. The system is capable of its potential today, and I believe it will be a reality in *two* years.

PAUL L. KLEIN
Vice President
Audience Measurement
National Broadcasting Co., Inc.
Manhattan

Breakfast for the Birds

Sir: Since Mr. Choate's blast at cereals [Aug. 3], I have been using the last of this "junk" in my bird feeder with remarkable effect. Three blue jays eating Cheerios have gotten "go power" on my porch, a squirrel became a wino on fermented Grape Nuts, and a woodpecker eating Sugar Crisps lost his red head and became Republican.

RICHARD H. COWARD
Battle Creek, Mich.

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

The Malthusian Score

Confronting the relentless arithmetic of human reproduction is a bit like reading one of Futurist Herman Kahn's nuclear scenarios. One of them deals in "mega-deaths," and the other in what might be called "mega-lives," but the pall of a weirdly objectified apocalypse hangs over both. By the year 2000, some accountants of population figure, the number of the planet's inhabitants will double to 7 billion; by 2025, it will be 15 billion, by 2050, 30 billion,



so that in less than a century there will be ten people living for every one now existing.

Unless, of course, something is done to slow this geometrical breeding. In the U.S., at least, there is evidence that while the nation is still far from achieving the ideal of zero population growth—the birth rate is still twice the death rate—the multiplication is declining. According to the Census Bureau, the ratio of children under five years old born to women in their fertile years was the lowest in March 1969 since the end of World War II. The figure may indicate in part that more women are simply waiting longer to have children, but the 26% decline in the ratio during the 1960s was the most rapid within a decade in the nation's history. Among other things, the drop could mean at least temporary relief for all of the communities that have been scrambling for years to provide sufficient classroom space for their increasing numbers of children. It may also indicate that a cautious new psychology of family planning and reproduction is taking hold.

Patton's Defection

The martial epic *Patton* so stirs Richard Nixon that he has seen the film at least twice. But the star, George C. Scott, may not be entirely the President's favorite actor any more. Scott, who voted for Nixon in 1968, has defected. He has joined the Democratic Party's Committee on Congressional Leadership for the Future, promising the group's head, Sargent Shriver, that he will be available as a speaker and fund raiser for Democratic candidates in this fall's congressional campaigns. The word of Scott's apostasy went around in Washington, and almost immediately, as if to welcome him, Lyndon Johnson sent a request from the Pedernales asking to see a print of *Patton*. Nixon will have to console himself with John Wayne's loyalty.

Summer Frost

In rural Vermont's high summer, they gathered in Waitsfield for the "gala summer festival of the Poetry Society of Vermont, a read-aloud of poems written by members." The 43 poets and their guests paid \$2.50 each for a cold roast-beef luncheon in a clover field on a 225-acre farm and then filed into the red barn for the readings. Most of the poets were middle-aged or more, and on the whole they celebrated a touching and suspended pastoral world savoring of a benign Frost. Some of the more modern verses, though, dealt with hippies and urban loneliness. Winner of the first prize (\$15) was "Summer Sanctuary," by Ann Day, 41:

*There was a distant rumble
hardly heard
as we raked hay
in the summer stillness.
Then a sudden darkening
veiled the afternoon sun.
Quickly it came,
pushing the purple-black clouds
over the mountains
and spiraling grey fog
out of the valleys.
We hurried to fork
the last of the load
onto the wagon.
A roar of wind
rattled the hay and bent the trees.
We reached the barn as the first
drops
glazed our faces.
The huge loft surrounded us
with the rap of rain on the roof
and the sweet, heavy smell of hay.
We looked at each other
with happy exhaustion,
and smiled.*

Catastrophe

For years it has been a favorite cruelty of children to tie cherry bombs to cats' tails. Now the Rand Corp.'s "Soviet Cybernetics Review" reports an intricate variation: Russian scientists, says Rand, are studying the feasibility of training a cat to pilot air-to-air missiles to their targets.

Theoretically, a severed cat's brain might be educated to recognize and respond to a set of optical impulses and transmit signals to guide a missile onto its target. Or, cheaper still, a cat called Yossarian might be trained to twitch a certain muscle if a target he had learned was not centered on the cross hairs.

Toward the end of World War II, Behaviorist B.F. Skinner was working on a similar project for the U.S. Navy—using pigeons. Skinner was evolving a kind of majority-vote bombardiering, using three pigeons on the theory that two at least would peck correctly on the left or right of a target screen. Then, as Skinner recalls, "the Manhattan Project came along and there was no need for pinpoint bombing."

There are other cases: the Russians have trained descendants of Pavlov's dog to carry mines to tanks. During World War II, a Swede trained young seals to carry limpet charges. They were rewarded with cream—a classic mobilization of guns and butter. Skinner regards the cat stratagem as overly complex but theoretically possible. "The only trouble is," he observes, "that cats get airsick."

DRAWING FOR TIME BY MICHAEL C. WITTE



ARTIST'S VIEW OF CAT-GUIDED MISSILE
But they get airsick.



NEW ORLEANS' CANAL STREET CROWDS WELCOME PRESIDENT NIXON

Nixon Goes South for Integration

FOR 16 painful years, the symbolic measure of racial progress in the U.S. has been the rate at which Southern school officials have stopped requiring black children to attend separate public schools. That gauge is too narrow, and may be unfair to the South, since the entire nation has failed the test. Now, finally, after more prodding from the Supreme Court, the last of the holdout school districts are under direct orders to desegregate. No one is certain just how they will react as Dixie's school bells signal the start of the new academic year, which in some cases will be next week. But last week President Richard Nixon dramatically flew into the South to assert the prestige and weight of his office in behalf of co-operative acceptance of the law of the land. "The highest court has spoken," he told his Southern audience, and it is "the responsibility of the President to uphold the law."

For a President who has seemed wishy-washy on racial issues and who has been accused, with some justice, of pursuing a strategy of appeasing the South, the move was forthright and forceful. Nixon was emphatically urged not to make the trip by Attorney General John Mitchell and Political Adviser Harry Dent, who argued that he would be tagged by Southerners as the "chief mixmaster." And if the school opening does lead to disorder, they advised that he let the courts take all the heat. But Nixon overruled such expediency; he felt he had a duty to become involved.

Cheered Warmly. The President's low-key approach was to stress cooperation over coercion. His audience consisted of the members of state advisory committees on education from seven Southern states. He emphasized that the race-relations and school-segregation question "is not a sectional problem—it is a national problem." Even before he expressed such views, it was apparent that many Southerners were convinced that Nixon holds no grudge against them, despite the purpose of his trip. Nearly 100,000 of them jammed the city's streets, many of them in the carnival-like French Quarter, to watch his open car pass. They pressed close, tore off his cuff links, cheered him warmly.

A major goal of the President's preventive leadership was to bolster the persuasion potential of the state committees, which have been carefully nurtured by key White House aides, including Robert Mardian, a conservative who is staff director of Nixon's Cabinet Committee on Education. Composed of about 20 members each, the committees have no statutory power. But the members are mainly professionals, business leaders and educators of both races who carry influence in their states on economic and school issues. They have stuck their necks out to take on the job of trying to persuade local communities to accept school integration.

For a time the whole committee structure seemed in danger of collapsing before the President's eyes. As the newly appointed Louisiana committee met for

the first time, presidential aides found its members quarreling over tactics and duties. "It was like an armed camp," said one aide. "They were threatening to walk out." Blacks on the committee were complaining that the Administration was showing no concern about protecting black teachers and administrators from losing their jobs as dual systems are dissolved. Nixon helped calm down the group in a 30-minute exchange of views.

Ocean of Confusion. Despite all of the pressures toward compliance, the committees' task is a tough one. Out of the 2,697 school districts in eleven Southern states, 635 were still operating dual systems last spring. Almost half (311) of these have voluntarily agreed to desegregate this year. Many of the rest are especially difficult areas in which blacks constitute a majority and few whites want any part of putting their children in black-dominated schools. Federal officials are uncertain what form the white resistance may take: school boycotts, a further flight to the all-white private academies, or actual confrontations at the schoolhouse doors.

TIME's Atlanta Bureau Chief Joseph Kane sees no sign of serious new tensions across the South as the school opening approaches. But he detects "an ocean of confusion that can breed sporadic violence" in districts where desegregation plans have not yet been detailed, parents do not know what schools their children will be attending, and there are last-minute plans involving long bus rides or predominantly black

classrooms that could "radicalize" whites. There is also a mood of increased militancy among young blacks, who are less likely than before to accept meekly any unfair treatment in their newly desegregated schools.

But the more prevalent danger is that relatively affluent whites will increasingly abandon the public schools to the blacks and poor whites. There are possibly 300 white academies ready to open or reopen in Georgia, 100 in Mississippi, at least one in most of the counties of South Carolina. Many communities are reducing their tax support of public schools so that taxpayers can better afford private tuition. "The cause of public education in Mississippi is at the lowest point since the schools started in 1870," warns R.W. Griffith, Mississippi's assistant superintendent of public education. "It's a pathetic situation."

Should resistance in the diehard dis-

Having It Both Ways

THE Republican congressional leaders were waiting at the Cabinet table when President Nixon walked in. He took his center seat, looked them over and went straight to the point: "Is there anyone here who thinks I ought to veto the education bill?"

They had advised him earlier to let this bill slide into law without his signature and now he was asking them about a veto—a veto on education funds, with school opening just weeks away in an election year. They laughed. But Mr. Nixon persisted, "Does anyone?" Presidential Counsellor Bryce Harlow raised his hand. "He's not up for re-election," one of the men from Capitol Hill said, but that was the end of the joking.

For the next two hours, the President and his legislative leaders thrashed out a

stance if he allowed the education bill to become law and, as some advised, vetoed the HUD funding bill? He could not, the President insisted, pick and choose among Congress's overruns and keep his "credibility."

Republicans in Congress, the leaders reminded him, were not in a very good position either. It would be almost impossible to raise the votes necessary to sustain the education veto. "I know a veto will put our Republican friends in a box," Mr. Nixon said, but they could vote against him, override the education veto, and he would still have his "maximum impact" on the inflation front. The chances of overriding the veto of the agency funding bill looked slim, so Republicans in Congress could have it both ways on the record—for education, but against inflation. So it was decided, and hours later the President vetoed the two measures, explaining that "in both cases, the level proposed by Congress is a threat to the American pocketbook."

Certain to Carry. Reaction on the Hill was swift and precisely as predicted: two days later, the House voted 289 to 114 to override the education veto. The Senate was scheduled to vote on the veto this week, and since the bill had passed there without a dissenting vote, the override was certain to carry. Equally predictably, opposition leaders were unable to raise the two-thirds majority needed to surmount the HUD veto; it died with the vote.

The two vetoes and the votes to override were the highlights of one of the busiest weeks in Government during the Nixon Administration. Other important actions:

Bargaining ABM for SALT

The most significant continuing test of will between President and Congress involves the development and deployment of an anti-ballistic missile system. The chief opportunity for the President's opponents last week was the Administration's request for ABM expansion to two additional sites. The Senate debate turned on neither the cost nor the efficiency of the system, but on how important the ABM is to the success of the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks in Vienna.

New Hampshire Democrat Thomas J. McIntyre reported a telephone conversation with a "highly placed source in Vienna [who] made it very clear to me that the success of the SALT negotiations rests almost exclusively on our not remaining static in our ABM posture." Just before the vote, Republican Whip Robert Griffin bore down harder on the issue: "If this amendment should carry and if the SALT talks should thereafter collapse, I would not want to be in the position of those who will vote today against the President of the U.S."



CEREMONY AT THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT*
In search of genuinely first-class mail.

tricts take the form of defiance rather than defection, Attorney General Mitchell indicated last week that the Federal Government is ready to deal with it. Appearing before the Senate Select Committee on Equal Educational Opportunity, headed by Minnesota Democrat Walter Mondale, Mitchell said that he had more than 300 Justice lawyers, as well as FBI agents and U.S. marshals, ready to take legal action against defiant school officials.

Already, the 28 U.S. Attorneys' offices in the South are manned by 250 lawyers. Asked by Senator Jacob Javits how Southern blacks could feel free to complain about any noncompliance with the law without fear of reprisals in their communities, Mitchell took a tough, uncompromising stance. "If there is any question of retaliation," he vowed, "we will take the swiftest and most drastic action possible under the law."

double-barreled veto—of the education bill and the bill providing appropriations for HUD and other Government agencies. The vetoes would open up Administration loyalists to at least one certain override vote in Congress, endanger the future of desegregation funds the President desperately wanted in order to keep the South in his camp, and run the risk of labeling electioneering Republicans "anti-education." These were high stakes. Minority Leaders Gerald Ford and Hugh Scott warned Nixon.

Impossible Position. But Mr. Nixon believed there were other stakes. Together, the bills added up to \$1 billion more in expenditures than he had requested. How could he maintain his anti-inflation

* With the President, Postmaster General Winston Blount and Former Postmasters General J. Edward Day, James A. Farley, Arthur E. Summerfield and Lawrence F. O'Brien.

Even habitually anti-Pentagon Senators found it difficult to vote against the "bargaining chip" theory if it might one day yield a limitation of the arms race. So the Cooper-Hart anti-ABM amendment was defeated 52-47, and over the weekend opponents marshaled for a vote this week on an amendment offered by Senator Edward Brooke that would spend the full request but limit site expansion.

Reforming the Post Office

President Nixon signed the Postal Reorganization Bill into law at elaborate ceremonies at the Post Office Department. In attendance were all living former Postmasters General, including James Farley, and the President passed them the pens that marked the end of the job they once held. Under the reform, the Post Office becomes an independent agency, establishing rates and appointing a staff free of political patronage. A 2¢ increase in the first-class mail rate is expected during the first year of operation, as the agency takes steps toward putting itself on a break-even economic footing. The reformers hope the law will end the past inefficiencies of the Post Office. To symbolize the change, the new agency shed its old Pony Express emblem for a stylized eagle.

Curbing TV Campaigning

Congress dealt with an inflation problem of its own—the spiraling cost of television campaigning. A House-Senate conference committee reported out a bill that would set a limit of 7¢ per vote cast in the most recent general election on funds that can be used on radio and television advertising.

The measure had enjoyed bipartisan support when it was first drafted, but when Senator John Pastore imposed a provision on the conferees that would make the act effective in time for the fall campaign, Republicans from both houses refused to sign the report, claiming that it was a ploy intended to help the Democrats, whose party coffers are considerably depleted. The Republicans had their way; the bill will not be voted on until too late to affect the fall campaigning.

The week brought another development that may radically change presidential broadcast habits. The Federal Communications Commission handed down an order that networks must give responsible critics of Mr. Nixon's Viet Nam policies a free prime-time forum to rebut his views. The FCC memorandum invoked the fairness doctrine and said that President Nixon's series of five speeches on Viet Nam during a seven-month period tipped the fairness balance by giving undue exposure to "the leading spokesman of one side."

ARMED FORCES Cut Holes and Sink 'Em

For two tense days the twin strings of steel cars loaded with deadly nerve-gas rockets cautiously wove through seven Southern states. On board, teams of chemical specialists rummaged amidst the exposed cargo testing for dangerous emissions. A dozen pigeons and rabbits—living alarm systems in the event of escaping gas—flopped in wire cages. Overhead, helicopters monitored the tracks ahead for rockslides and other dangers. In Waxhaw, N.C., a picket met one of the trains with a sign saying NERVE GAS MAKES ME NERVOUS. The biggest event of the twin odysseys came when one of the rabbits, named Panic, gave birth to five bunnies.

The trains' destination was the Mil-

longer works, and big red letters spelling EXPLOSIVES have been painted on her sides. In the early morning hours two gangs of longshoremen reported for duty. They had been given two days of crash orientation on the care and handling of gas. Run through a box-car filled with tear gas, they learned how to apply atropine (the antidote to nerve gas) and how to fit gas masks. The job was not a lark for the 32 longshoremen, but neither were they particularly worried. Said W.Z. Vereen, who with his colleagues relishes the \$17-per-hour double pay for the ticklish work: "This job isn't as dangerous as the mustard gas we had in here a few years ago."

Perhaps, but among the 418 concrete-and-steel coffins holding nerve-gas rockets is one far deadlier than the others.

While the others contain GB, a colorless and almost odorless gas that can kill within minutes, it holds ten pounds of VX, a far more potent agent. The container was marked with an X so it would receive special handling. But the Army had all the boxes painted silver to reduce the heating effect of the sun, inadvertently obliterating the X—and the identity of the more lethal one.

The loading took the better part of two days as the longshoremen, who boast they can load 100 tons an hour, secured one 64-ton crate every 20 minutes. This week, weather and the courts permitting, *Le Baron* will be towed to a point 238 miles off the Florida coast and scuttled in 16,000 feet of water.

Ruled in Favor. What will happen then is still anybody's guess, despite thousands of words of testimony and controversy. Florida Governor Claude Kirk and the New York Environmental Defense Fund had filed suit in federal court requiring the Army to demonstrate that it had chosen the safest possible dumping locale. Under questioning, Army experts conceded that their

presumption that the disposal ship and concrete casks would not implode under sea pressure before reaching the ocean floor was based on theory only, and that they did not really know what would happen.

Unproved, too, was the assumption that the gas would hydrolyze and be rendered harmless under the 31-ton-per-sq.-in. pressure at the ocean bottom. Still, for lack of a reasonable alternative, Judge June Green ruled in favor of the Army's plan, permitting the dumping to proceed, although an appeal from her decision is still pending.

And amid the uproar, the Army quietly reminded its detractors that it had on earlier occasions in 1967 and 1968 dumped nerve gas in the ocean off the New Jersey coast, and that so far there have been no recorded complaints.



LOADING GAS AT SUNNY POINT, N.C.
For lack of an alternative.

itary Ocean Terminal at Sunny Point, N.C., a sprawling, 8,500-acre depot that exists only to process ammunition. Each year 1.3 million tons of munitions pass through the base. So careful are the procedures that since 1955, when the base was completed, not a single man working there has lost his life.

Despite their fund of experience, workers handled the nerve gas with special care. A week before the gas arrived, all loading on the port's three wharves was stopped. When the gas trains were safely at dockside, the second phase—Operation Chase, a venerable Navy acronym for Cut Holes And Sink 'Em—was ready to start.

Missing X. Awaiting the cargo was the *Le Baron Russell Briggs*, a Liberty ship that obviously had known grander days. Pitted and charred, her hoist no

JILL KREMENTZ

New Victory in an Old Crusade

THE American woman's fight for equality under the law began even as the Continental Congress was hammering the nation into shape. "My dear John," Abigail Adams wrote to her influential husband: "In the new Code of Laws which I suppose it will be necessary for you to make, I desire you would Remember the Ladies. Remember all Men would be tyrants if they could. If particular care and attention are not paid to the Ladies, we are determined to foment a Rebellion." "Depend upon it," John Adams replied with kindly condescension, "We know better than to repeal our Masculine systems."

And so it has gone. Women, who are 51% of the nation's population, and hold 37% of the jobs, earn overall salaries that are 42% less than those for men. Although they gained the right to vote 50 years ago after laborious struggles, there is only one woman in the U.S. Senate, ten in the House, none on the Supreme Court or in the President's Cabinet. Virtually all of the nation's systems—industry, unions, the professions, the military, the universities, even organizations of the New Left—are quintessentially masculine establishments.

Yet the spiritual heiresses of Abigail Adams are rising in the rebellion she predicted. To men—and a great many women—the onset of the new women's movement seems startlingly abrupt. In many ways, however, the new feminism is developing along the lines of the civil rights movement. A young, assertive Women's Liberation Movement

has brought new publicity and fire to the older, more genteel crusade, bewildering and sometimes outraging men in the way that black radicals infuriate and frighten whites.

Time Had Come. There are, of course, many differences. Unlike blacks, women are not a minority. That fact is obviously not lost on politicians. Last week, by 350 to 15, the House passed a resolution calling for a constitutional amendment guaranteeing "equality of rights under the law" to women. "This," proclaimed House Minority Leader Gerald Ford, "is an idea whose time had come."

The time could have come at least two generations earlier; the idea of sexual equality under the law is hardly novel in the U.S. Every year since 1923, some form of the amendment has been introduced in the House. For the past 22 years, however, the House Judiciary Committee, headed by New York Democrat Emanuel Celler, has bottled up the amendment without even bothering to hold hearings on it.

Prying the resolution loose from the normally indomitable Celler, a 48-year veteran of the House, was primarily the achievement of Michigan's Martha Griffiths (see box). The job took her 15 years—Mrs. Griffiths began working for the amendment as a freshman in 1955. She won ultimately by persuading the House to support a rarely used parliamentary device, the discharge petition, which forces a measure out of committee onto the House floor.

Mrs. Griffiths began collecting the

Martha Griffiths: Graceful Feminist

EASILY the most persistent feminist in the U.S. Congress, Michigan Democrat Martha Griffiths manages to enjoy the best of both career and wifely worlds. When she returned to her office on the day after her equal rights amendment finally passed the House, she found a dozen yellow roses on her desk and a note from Hicks, her husband of 37 years. "YOU'VE DONE IT AGAIN," it read. Moved, Martha smiled and said quietly: "It's nice to know my husband still loves me."

Firm but not fiery on the subject of women's rights, Martha Griffiths is a cheery woman of 58 who has been pushing the amendment ever since she came to Congress in 1955. "There will be a day when the Supreme Court says, 'Yes, the Constitution really does apply to women'—and I will see that day," she has long insisted. Although the other nine women Representatives in the House recently urged that she be considered for appointment to the high court because she is a highly competent lawyer as well as legislator, Mrs. Grif-

fiths considers such an event "out of the range of possibility." Privately, she calls the justices "idiots" for failing to apply the 1964 Civil Rights Act to women as well as to blacks.

Mrs. Griffiths credits the current Women's Liberation Movement with giving a "real intellectual stimulus" to the equal-rights drive and resents the ridiculing nature of the publicity it has received. But she sees the spreading industrialization of the South and the prevalence of divorce as bigger factors in awakening more women to economic injustice. She thinks men are waking up too.

Examining her own career, Mrs. Griffiths happily concedes that it has been more advanced than hindered by men. It was at the urging of her husband, who was also her law partner in their Detroit firm, that she first ran for the Michigan state legislature in 1946. She lost, but won two years later when she campaigned largely on behalf of G. Men-nen ("Soapy") Williams, who had joined

SKINNY DIP AT EAST HAMPTON
Heiresses of Abigail.

necessary 218 signatures for her petition early this spring. A lawyer, she armed herself with an unemotional and intricate argument for the amendment, citing many legal case histories of sex discrimination. In the end, all the House leaders, including John McCormack, supported the effort.

Politics was doubtless as persuasive as the merits of the bill. Somewhat ingenuously, Celler declared: "I don't know exactly why Congress acted so precipitously on this. Of course we are on the eve of an election." "In 1968," Mrs. Griffiths pointed out, "2,000,000 more women than men voted. In 1970, it is estimated that 3,000,000 more women than men will vote."

Unnecessary Protection. In some ways, the amendment might be redundant—but then, women activists are in favor of all the redundancy they can get. The 14th Amendment already guarantees equal rights to "all persons." In addition, the 1964 Civil Rights Act forbids discrimination by sex as well as race in hiring. Thus, say opponents, there is no need for the amendment. Mrs. Griffiths counters: "Of course there would be no need for it, if the Supreme Court would do what it ought to do. But in 1938, for example, the court forced the admission of a Negro to the University of Missouri Law School, then in 1959 refused the same protection to two Texas women who applied to Texas A & M College to study science."

Most of organized labor opposes the amendment, arguing that it will destroy a broad carapace of laws that "protect" women workers by regulating their hours and the kinds of work they can

perform. The women's movement believes that such protections form a kind of conspiracy to prevent women from expanding their employment opportunities. In Ohio, for example, women cannot work as crossing watchmen, electric-meter readers, shoeshine girls, pin setters in bowling alleys. In nine states women cannot be employed in establishments serving alcohol.

The amendment would apply in other ways. It would abolish discrimination against women applying to state colleges and universities, such as higher scholastic standards required of women applicants. It would also abolish restrictions on married women in jobs—for example the refusal to promote women because of fear they will become pregnant and leave the job.

Some men have joked about women now trying to sign up with the Green Bay Packers, but obviously candidates for any such physically demanding work will be chosen for their ability to do the work, just as men customarily are. The amendment would also leave women liable to the military draft and presumably clear the way for entrance to West Point and Annapolis. But women already serve in the military, and in practice would not be required to perform duties for which they were unequipped. Besides, as women in the movement are fond of pointing out, the Israelis—and Viet Cong—routinely use women as soldiers.

Many men might be somewhat happier about the amendment's effects on divorce laws. It would prohibit the payment of alimony only to women, for example, so that in many cases men might collect. In child custody suits, any legal



WALTER DENNETT

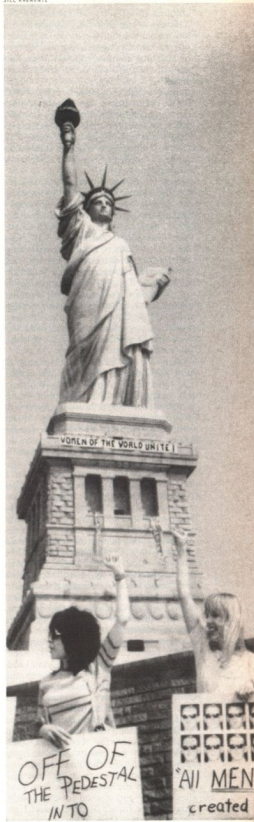
district on Detroit's northwest side. She won, despite primary opposition from the United Auto Workers union. Candidate Griffiths was helped by her husband, a former chairman of the Michigan Democratic Party, and by Williams. "Soapy and I were the happy extravers and ran around shaking hands," she recalls. "But my husband knew how to get things done."

Mrs. Griffiths quickly earned the respect of her male colleagues in the House by her analytical legal mind and her powers of friendly persuasion. She became the first and only woman to sit on the Ways and Means Committee. She has fought (vainly, so far) to equalize Social Security benefits for men and women, has pushed to replace the school-lunch program with one providing three free meals daily for all children of the poor. She also heads the Select Committee on the House Beauty Shop. While most militant liberationists would scoff at such an assignment as both belittling and irrelevant, Martha Griffiths points out proudly that her shop is "the only thing in Washington that operates in the black."

her law firm and was running successfully for Governor. She served four years, tried for Congress in 1952, but was buried in the Eisenhower landslide.

Williams then appointed her to a judgeship in Detroit. In 1954 she ran again for Congress and earned a measure of masculine appreciation by daily driving a car and campaign trailer through her predominantly blue-collar

JILL KREMENTZ



PROTEST AT STATUE OF LIBERTY
New publicity and fire.

preference shown to mothers would be eliminated.

Some argue that one danger of the amendment is that it may prompt a deluge of lawsuits demanding clarification of existing statutes. Should that happen, the courts could be clogged for years.

Psychological Impact. The equal-rights amendment may not produce practical results for some time. The Senate, with the support of 83 members already pledged, is virtually certain to pass it. Three-quarters of the states must ratify it, however, a process that could take several years.

But its passage now bears a powerful psychological impact. Throughout the nation, many thousands of women are awakening to a new sensitivity about what Author Kate Millett (*TIME*, Aug. 3) calls "sexual politics." In every major city, women, most of them young, gather for "consciousness-raising" rap sessions, the awareness rituals of The Sisterhood. The National Organization for Women (NOW) and other feminist groups have called on women to stage a Strike for Equality on Aug. 26. Last week, in a preliminary demonstration, feminists brandished anti-sexist placards beneath the Statue of Liberty.

Pop Mesta. Ethel Scull, a sort of pop Perle Mesta in New York circles, last week threw a fund-raising Women's Lib party at her East Hampton estate. Half of the guests were reporters or photographers. Representative Patsy Mink, a heroine of the movement since she took on one doctor's argument that women are too hormonally unstable for positions of power, was scheduled to speak, but fled without a word. One braless and strapping writer for the *Village Voice* interrupted serious oratory by abruptly stripping to her panties and plunging into the swimming pool. Writer Gloria Steinem, a co-hostess at the party, offered a solemn interpretation of the movement: "The problem with Women's Lib is that it is misunderstood by men. Men think that once women become liberated, it will mean no more sex for men. But what men don't realize is that if women are liberated, there will be more sex and better."

A lot of men worry that there will simply be less privacy. Last week, after New York City's Mayor John Lindsay signed a bill designed to open the city's public accommodations to women, a determined group of women's liberationists appeared at the door of McSorley's Old Ale House in the East Village. A delightful if grubby all-male sanctuary for 116 years, McSorley's was previously, as one aged regular said, "not the kind of place a nice girl would want to go to anyway." When the women appeared, rowdies booed and cursed ostentatiously, exhaling the fumes of onions and Limburger cheese. One fellow confronted a vice president of NOW and poured a stein of ale on her head.

PERSONALITY

The Other Buckley

He wears a flag pin on his Brooks Brothers suits. Policemen, American Legionnaires and hardhats love him. In 1960 he wrote: "Communism is the greatest threat which Western civilization has ever known.... Destiny continues to place in our hands the survival of Western civilization." He sees no reason to change that judgment now. Ask which politicians he most admires

KEN DEAN—CAMERA 2



AT CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS
Without Bill's hauteur.

and he replies: "Ronald Reagan, George Bush, John Tower."

Yet liberals who talk with James L. Buckley come away mildly dazed by his charm and intelligence. They may also wish that he were one of them. As the somewhat improbable candidate of New York's growing Conservative Party, Buckley, 47, the elder brother of Poet William F. Buckley Jr., has begun to glimpse the possibility that he might be sitting in the U.S. Senate next January.

For all the woebegone history of most third-party movements in the U.S., the leftward alignments of Buckley's two opponents offer him a rare chance to recruit support from both Republican and Democratic conservatives. Incumbent Senator Charles Goodell was a moderate-conservative upstate Congressman when Governor Nelson Rockefeller appointed him to the Senate

after Robert Kennedy's assassination.

In the two years since then, Goodell, for all his mild, pipe-smoking manner, has infuriated many G.O.P. leaders by becoming an insistent crusader in the anti-war movement. Such Republicans see virtually no choice between Goodell and Democratic Representative Richard Ottinger, who is similarly opposed to the war. Aggressively liberal, Ottinger has pulled ahead of Goodell and Buckley in early polls.

Buckley's conservatism and personal appeal may attract many organization Democrats fed up with "permissive liberalism." Buckley and his party, however, still have very far to go. In the 1968 Senate race on the Conservative ticket, he pulled 17% of the vote in New York, where politics for decades has generally been center-left.

Apart at the Seams. Buckley's basic message is clear enough: "Education, not revolution," on the campuses, "peace, not surrender, in Viet Nam." Cambodia, he says, "was a damn successful operation." Buckley is, as he often points out, the one candidate who backs the President on the war.

"New Yorkers are no different from anyone else in the country in their concern for the state of the U.S.," he states, "their concern with how we are going to survive as a nation, whether our institutions are going to fall apart at the seams. This year the basic issue is confidence in the country. We need a reaffirmation of faith—we have a tendency to become paralyzed by self-doubt. There was a time when it was the conservatives who were utterly predictable. Now the old fogies are the liberals who have lived too long with their verities."

Buckley's ideas are more complex than a simple law-and-order slogan. Explaining his support for the President's District of Columbia anticrime bill, he argues: "There must be a constant balancing—we must remember the people who are the victims of crime as well as the criminals." Buckley subscribes to "subsidiarity" in government—solving problems at the lowest level possible. The doctrine is not so far removed from the New Left's idea of community control. He has somewhat complicated his Viet Nam position by arguing that U.S. troops there should be volunteers. He is also a serious ecologist who has made expeditions to the Arctic and once considered becoming an ornithologist. The environmental crisis, he believes, is one issue that the Federal Government must tackle itself.

Best Man. Perhaps his most potent weapon is his considerable charm. A handsome man with a graying crew cut, Jim Buckley is affable and deferential, intelligent without the public hauteur of his brother Bill. "Jim is as firm as I am," says Bill, "but he never offends. I couldn't imagine Jimmy receiving a bad book review. Between the ages of 20 and 34, it was impossible to get my brother on Saturday—he was best man in

more weddings than anyone in history."

A Yale graduate, Jim is vice president of the family's Catawba Corp., a firm providing expertise for companies engaged in oil and mineral exploration. He first entered politics as campaign manager during Bill's quixotic run against Lindsay for the New York mayoralty in 1965. Bill recalls that when Jim accepted the Conservatives' senatorial nomination in 1968, "his knees were shaking as he read the prepared text. He reminded me afterward that that was the first time he's spoken in public in 17 years—since he spoke before the ornithological club of Millbrook, N.Y."

Disreputable Class. The fourth of William F. Buckley's ten children, Jim inherited his millionaire father's passion for intellectual excellence and rigorous honesty. When he was 16, his father wrote him a note at school: "Your mother and I remarked Sunday afternoon that we were very pleased at the seriousness with which you take your debts. She said you had paid her everything you owed her." Unlike Bill, Jim Buckley and his wife Ann are somewhat shy and private. To date, the candidate has devoted most of his campaign to meetings with political leaders and editors around the state. He has yet to test his talents at marathon speaking and handshaking.

One of Buckley's assets is his campaign manager, F. Clifton White, a savvy Republican organizer who engineered Barry Goldwater's 1964 presidential nomination. In addition, Bill has scheduled at least eight days of campaigning for his brother in October. Buckley's crucial problem may well be money, since he needs to raise about \$1,500,000 in order to make himself known throughout the state.

The odds against Buckley are still quite high; his major hope is a three-way deadlock with a few votes to spare on his side. Should he lose, the Buckley family might not be entirely distressed. "My father thought politicians disreputable as a class," Bill observes, "but I think he would have been enthusiastic about Jim's candidacy."

CRIME

The Professor's Guns

The brutal, bizarre attempt to free a man on trial in a Marin County, Calif., courthouse two weeks ago seemed to have no ramifications beyond its bloody toll: the judge, the defendant and two of his would-be liberators dead in the gun battle that thwarted the escape (TIME, August 17). But a routine investigation by the police of the weapons used in the attempt turned up some startling news last week. Three of the guns—a .380-cal. Browning automatic pistol, and two .30-cal. Plainfield carbines—belonged to Angela Davis, 26, the brilliant black former U.C.L.A. assistant philosophy professor fired last year because she was a Communist. Davis openly professed her Communist

party membership, and a conservative majority of the California board of regents blocked her reappointment as a teacher amid a stormy debate about academic freedom.

The three guns, among several Miss Davis has purchased in recent years, were brought to the Marin courthouse by Jonathan Jackson, 17, who died in the ensuing shootout. For some time the boy had been a frequent companion of Angela, often traveling with her as she raised money and organized the



JACKSON & DAVIS AT U.C.L.A.
At first just a routine investigation.

legal defense for the "Soledad Three."

The three blacks accused of killing a guard in a Soledad, Calif., prison, whose case has been made a *cause célèbre* by the black militant community. The youthful Jackson had more than an ideological interest in the Soledad Three: one of them was his brother. In his raid on the Marin County trial, Jackson demanded the release of the Three.

Whether Jackson acted on his own and stole Angela Davis' guns for his raid without her knowledge, or whether she participated in the plot remains a mystery. To the discomfort of her U.C.L.A. partisans, who are fighting her ouster in court and raising money to continue her salary in the meantime, Miss Davis last week vanished. The Marin County authorities have sufficient cause for suspicion that there have been warrants issued for Miss Davis on charges of kidnaping and murder.

RACES

Ambushes in Chicago

On the side of Chicago's once elegant and fashionable Southmoor Hotel, the crudely lettered sign keeps reappearing, no matter how often it is removed or painted over. GATE OF THE BLACK P. STONE NATION,* signifying that the now bankrupt and boarded-up Southmoor is occupied by one of the city's most formidable black youth gangs.

Riding through a dark alley behind the Southmoor in an unmarked police car last week, three detectives of Chicago's Gang Intelligence Unit found debris blocking the drive. As their car slowed, at least six rapid shots broke the silence. "I'm hit," cried Detective James A. Alfano Jr., 30, as one slug ripped through the car's trunk and rear seat, piercing his liver. Alfano's condition was listed as critical.

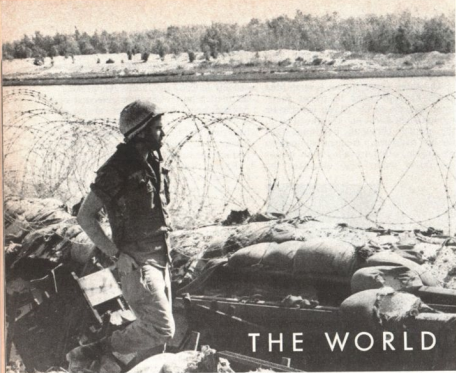
Within minutes, sniper fire broke out all around the Southmoor. A police helicopter with a searchlight moved in to illuminate rooftops. Foot patrolmen and detectives rushed into the area. Police ordered all streetlights turned off in a four-block area of the Woodlawn neighborhood so they would be less exposed. "Out there, everything is the enemy," said one detective as he looked out toward Jackson Park. "The night, the park, the abandoned buildings, the people—everything."

Two black youths, allegedly gang members, were charged with conspiracy to commit murder. Police claimed that it was a deliberate ambush by the gang. Lieut. Aurelio Garcia termed the gang "money-hungry leeches, bloodsuckers of the community." Gang members protested that they believed in nonviolence and that recent shootings in the area were incited by police as part of a campaign to destroy the gang.

Alfano was the fourth victim of sniper fire in black neighborhoods of Chicago in the last nine weeks, creating a situation that threatens to escalate into open street warfare. Five blacks are facing trial for the murder of Patrolman Kenneth G. Kaner, who was killed by two shotgun blasts as he sat in his squad car in the Englewood neighborhood.

Sergeant James Severin and Patrolman Anthony Rizzata were shot to death by snipers in a public housing project on the North Side as they strolled through the area in a special "walk-and-talk" program designed to improve communications between residents and police. Four blacks arrested for those killings were identified for the police by black residents who are fed up with the terrorism. These gangs are "not Robin Hoods, helping the poor," contends one of their earlier but now disenchanting supporters, Holmes ("Daddy-O") Daylie, a local disk jockey. "They are just hoods, robbin'."

* The name originated with the Blackstone Rangers, a gang operating near Blackstone Avenue which merged with other gangs to form a larger group. The P stands for peace.



ISRAELI SOLDIER PATROLLING EAST BANK OF SUEZ

Shadow Over the Cease-Fire

ISRAEL is rarely less comfortable about its dependence on Washington than when the U.S. tries to act both as ally and Middle East peacemaker. Last week, almost before the ink had dried on a U.S.-arranged cease-fire between Israel and Egypt, the government of Premier Golda Meir issued a sudden, stunning alarm that the agreement had been violated. Israel had proof, Defense Minister Moshe Dayan said, that Egypt and the Soviet Union had whisked new missiles into the cease-fire zone, although both sides were specifically forbidden, according to the truce, to "change the military status quo" there. The time had come, Israel demanded, for the U.S. to perform its duty as both ally and peacemaker and get the weapons out.

TIME learned that the Israelis are convinced that a systematic military buildup—including men and tanks as well as missiles—took place inside the "stand-still zone" on the first two nights of the cease-fire. The evidence was recorded in a series of photographs, most of them taken during aerial reconnaissance missions early the mornings of Aug. 8 and 9. According to Israeli analysts, the photos clearly showed that SA-2 and SA-3 missile batteries had been moved roughly halfway inside the 32-mile-wide Egyptian cease-fire zone toward areas near the towns of Kantara and Ismailia (see map opposite). Altogether, eight batteries were installed, with some work completed on the second night after the truce was declared.

In addition, the Israeli evidence showed the introduction of major electronic listening devices, some 1,100 tanks and four divisions of Egyptian soldiers. The equipment and troops, say the Israelis, were moved into the cease-fire zone with the assistance of Russian engineers and technicians, who set up the missile and radar sites.

Excellent Record. After hearing that evidence, the Israeli Cabinet immediately dispatched back to Washington Ambassador Yitzhak Rabin, who had been recalled to Jerusalem only three days before. He carried in his attaché case a complete set of the photographs and other evidence. The next day, Rabin personally handed the material to Assistant Secretary of State Joseph Sisco. Back in Jerusalem, Dayan put pressure on the U.S. Speaking to the Knesset, he publicly charged Egypt and Russia with the cease-fire violation. Dayan saved some of the sternest parts of his speech for the U.S. "We see the Americans as more than just one-time mediators," he said. "They bear a heavy responsibility, since they initiated the cease-fire, and we agreed to it only after they had informed us that the Soviets would abide by the stand-still."

Israel's record for intelligence gathering has been generally excellent, and U.S. officials privately admitted that they were unable to disprove the charges. Even so, after exhaustive study of their own and Israeli evidence, Washington analysts felt that none of it in-

disputably proved a cease-fire breach; at week's end the State Department was preparing to announce that it had "no conclusive evidence of a deliberate violation."

For one thing, there was the chance that the Russians and Egyptians had moved the highly mobile SA-3 missiles from one point to another within the cease-fire zone without actually introducing new weapons. Another possible explanation was the abrupt timing of the truce. When U.S. Ambassador to Israel Walworth Barbour called on Dayan at noon on Friday, Aug. 7, the American diplomat suggested that the truce begin at midnight Saturday. Replied Dayan: "Let's make it now." Egypt



EGYPTIAN TROOPS GUARDING WESTERN SIDE

and Russia reluctantly agreed to stop the shooting at midnight on Friday. Dayan was well aware of large-scale movements then in progress near the Canal, and he obviously hoped to stop them by asking for a quick cease-fire. The Egyptians and Russians may have decided to go ahead and complete their deployments, which were already under way. Egypt, for its part, did not deny the Israeli charges. Instead, it accused Israel of mounting an organized campaign to "wiggle out" of the cease-fire acceptance.

Slim Hopes. Whatever the foundation of Dayan's accusations, the U.S. was indeed obligated to look into them. Before accepting the terms of Secretary of State William Rogers' cease-fire proposal, the Israeli Cabinet demanded—and got—several key assurances from Washington. The most important was a U.S. pledge not to permit any change in the military balance to the disfavor

of the Israelis during the cease-fire.

If Israel's intelligence later proves substantially correct, Washington's problem will be how to make good on its word without fracturing whatever slim hopes still remain for permanent peace. Any proven breach of good faith on the part of the Soviet Union, which gave every appearance of supporting Rogers' effort, might torpedo hope for a Middle East settlement in the near future—and cause a serious setback in U.S.-Soviet relations besides.

Even if investigation of Israel's complaint should prove only the completion of military emplacements already under way before the cease-fire took effect, the U.S. has basically only two un-

innet dove: "The talks will not succeed if a mutual confidence with the U.S. does not continue." Foreign Minister Abba Eban, who is likely to be the Israeli representative, concurred with the decision. However, he is known to believe that the talks should proceed even if the truce is permanently broken, as long as Israel has full U.S. backing.

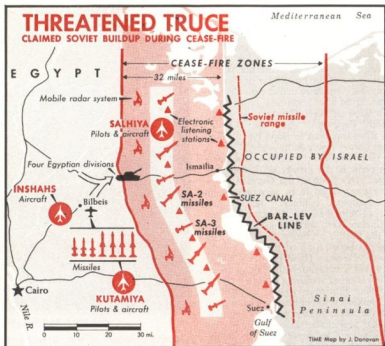
That backing, more than anything else, is what Israel wants—and feels it is not getting. Golda Meir, for example, was furious because the State Department's formal letter to the U.N., conveying both sides' acceptance of the Rogers plan, noted that Israel agreed, as part of a peace settlement, to with-

the Egyptians and their Soviet advisers theoretical control of the air over some Israeli-held territory. Without air cover, the Bar-Lev Line along the east bank of the Suez is vulnerable to amphibious attack from the Egyptian side. The Israelis still believe that they could knock out an Egyptian offensive, but they reckon on far higher casualties than before in doing so.

Most of the buildup, says Israel, could occur only in the absence of the Israeli air force's withering campaign on the Egyptian side of the canal. The almost constant bombing and strafing, which caused an estimated 1,000 casualties each month, reportedly left many Egyptian army units in near disarray—and even caused some Soviet soldiers to refuse duty near the canal. Moscow's answer was to give increasingly heavy command responsibility to Russian soldiers. At the time of the cease-fire, according to authoritative Israeli estimates, Russians controlled all of Egypt's missiles and computers, four strategic airbases, most jet aircraft, and all reconnaissance work down to the platoon level. Except for ground troops, as one well-informed Israeli official put it, "we were fighting the Red Army."

Swiss Cheese. However questionable its future, the Suez cease-fire lasted its first week without a single casualty. Troops on both sides sunned themselves in the open. From the first dawn of the cease-fire, Egyptians had splashed nude in the Suez. Last week the more restrained Israelis also ventured into the canal's waters, but they were instructed to keep on their flak jackets. The cease-fire also allowed newsmen to view the devastation wrought on the Egyptian side of the canal by Israeli bombing and shelling. Reported TIME Correspondent Lee Griggs: "In Ismailia, the towering twelve-story Suez Canal Authority headquarters looks like a giant piece of Swiss cheese, shredded with shell holes. The railway yards were a mass of twisted wreckage. Tall palm trees had been blackened by napalm or broken off by shellfire."

On the other fronts, Israel was still faced with a shooting war. Six Israelis were killed by fedayeen attacks; five of them died when their Jeep ran over a mine while they were driving to a sunflower field near their settlement in the Golan Heights. Twenty-five others were injured in attacks that were staged from commando hideouts in Syria, Lebanon and Jordan. The Israelis retaliated by killing 14 and capturing 26 fedayeen infiltrators, and sent planes on bombing raids on enemy staging areas in Jordan and Lebanon. Said the leader of a small settlement on the Lebanese border: "At least the troops down south are getting a rest. The cease-fire has not changed life at all for us." But at week's end came a rare act of mercy. In an unusual gesture, the Egyptians returned to Israel a badly wounded pilot, who had been shot down on August 3 during a raid on Egyptian positions along the Suez Canal.



pleasant alternatives: a pointblank demand for the Soviet Union to remove the new hardware, or U.S. shipments of equally powerful arms to Israel, including anti-missile electronic gear and jets that Israel has repeatedly requested since last September. The peril in the first course is that it sets up precisely the big-power confrontation that both the U.S. and the Soviet Union have tried to avoid in the Middle East. The second option is dangerous because it could touch off a new spiral in the arms race. Either course of action would certainly risk a breakdown in the Arab-Israeli talks that are scheduled to be held under the auspices of U.N. Diplomats Gunnar Jarring.

U.S. Backing. The talks were already in jeopardy. The Israeli Cabinet refused to nominate a representative to deal with Jarring until it received a satisfactory reply about the Russian missiles from the U.S. Explained Tourism Minister Moshe Kol, normally a Cab-

draw from occupied Arab territory. However, it did not stipulate, as Mrs. Meir insisted it should, that the withdrawal be to "secure and agreed borders," which Israel privately argues must include several pieces of occupied territory: a strip of land along the Gulf of Aqaba to Sharm el Sheikh, the Gaza Strip, the Golan Heights, and all of Jerusalem.

The U.S. explained that the letter did not list the other side's negotiating conditions either, and anyway, that negotiations will be based on the U.N. resolution of Nov. 22, 1967, which does mention secure and recognized borders. But that did not lessen Israel's growing sense of insecurity.

Withering Campaign. The Israelis are worried about an Egyptian-Soviet buildup across the canal for very specific military reasons. The firing range of the SAM missiles they claim were emplaced after the cease-fire began extends eastward over the canal, giving



BRANDT LEAVING FOR MOSCOW



KOSYGIN & GROMYKO AT AIRPORT



BREZHNEV, BRANDT & KOSYGIN

A New Era in Europe

ST. Catherine's Hall in the Kremlin is a reminder of ancient ties that once linked Russia with Europe. It used to be the throne room of Catherine the Great, a German princess who became Russia's Empress. Last week, as the Soviet rulers undertook an act of reconciliation with their bitterest European enemy, they chose St. Catherine's as the setting. As millions of Europeans, both East and West, watched on television, West German Chancellor Willy Brandt stepped into the hall, past icons depicting St. Catherine holding a cross. At the same moment, Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin entered from the opposite door. While Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev and a group of German and Soviet diplomats looked on, Brandt and Kosygin signed a treaty that in effect marked the end of World War II.

In the agreement, Europe's leading military power and Europe's leading economic power pledged to renounce the use of force and agreed to accept the national boundaries in Eastern Europe that resulted from Germany's defeat in World War II. Brandt, his lined face pensive, seemed gripped by the drama of the moment. "This is the end of an epoch," he said. "But, it seems to me, a very good beginning." Replied the Soviet Premier: "I agree completely."

Message from Moscow

Then Brandt, who seeks to lay the basis for a historical development that may ultimately overcome Europe's deep division, spoke from Moscow on television to the Germans. "Europe neither ends on the Elbe River nor on the Polish eastern border," he declared. "Russia is inextricably interwoven to Europe, not only as an opponent and a danger, but also as a partner, historically, politically, culturally and economically. Only if we in Western Europe recognize this partnership, and only if the people of Eastern Europe see it too, can we balance our interests."

Thus in Moscow last week, the two nations, which have faced each other for 25 years across the ramparts of the cold war, made a significant step to-

ward accommodation. Reported TIME Correspondent Benjamin Cate from Bonn: "The treaty is, as Brandt says, a starting point for building a new era of trust and confidence across a divided Europe. It is also a starting point for a new kind of West Germany no longer utterly dependent upon the U.S. As an allied diplomat in Bonn put it, 'German history resumes this week.'"

To *Le Monde*, the treaty was a "turning point in the history of modern Europe." *Der Spiegel*, the German news-magazine, called it an accomplishment of "farsighted boldness." Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, the French publisher-politician, saw the pact as a "passport to the East, a preface to a policy of industrial penetration of the East by the West." German Historian Karl Kaiser said that it constitutes the first phase of a new security system in Europe.

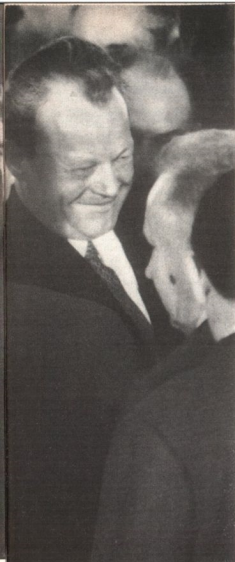
Other European voices, mindful of the dubious value of nonaggression pacts and the tragic history of earlier German-Soviet diplomatic cooperation, raised warnings. "The haste on both sides," wrote *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, "poses the question 'Who plucked the rose before it bloomed?' Is it a success of West Germany's *Ostpolitik* or Soviet *Westpolitik*?" London's *Economist* pointed out that while the Russians talk peace in Europe, they are extending their sphere of influence in Asia, the Mediterranean, the Indian Ocean and the South Atlantic. "This is not the behavior of a country looking for a settlement of its arguments with other people," said the *Economist*. "It is the behavior of a power out to maximize its own position in the world."

Willy Brandt's sudden trip to Moscow was made possible by the unexpectedly early conclusion of treaty talks between Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko and West German Foreign Minister Walter Scheel the week before. Brandt's visit contrasted sharply with that of stiff-backed, patriarchal Konrad Adenauer, who went to Moscow 15 years ago and agreed grudgingly to establish diplomatic relations in return for the freedom of nearly 10,000

German prisoners of war. Brandt's visit, by contrast, was friendly and informal, but like so many contemporary events, it began with a bomb scare.

His Lufthansa 707 was taxiing to take-off when a threatening telephone call alerted the Cologne airport tower. As a result, Brandt arrived 90 minutes behind schedule at the Soviet government's Vnukovo airport, about 18 miles southwest of Moscow, where an honor guard stood waiting. When Kosygin asked about the flight, Brandt replied: "It was a bit bumpy, but it smoothed out over Russia." As he was driven to a government villa on Lenin Hills overlooking Moscow, Brandt showed Kosygin the results of a new public-opinion poll indicating that 79% of his countrymen approved of his foreign policy.

Next morning, Brandt and Kosygin talked for two hours in a Kremlin conference room. Kosygin spoke of the Russians' strong desire for closer cooperation with Bonn on economic, scientific and other technological matters. He also referred specifically to Soviet fears of neo-Nazism. But Kosygin added: "We



AFTER TREATY SIGNING CEREMONY



HAPPY BREZHNEV



SHEEL EN ROUTE TO MOSCOW

almost four hours, with only interpreters present. The contents of the discussion were not announced, but the talk lasted so long that Brandt did not even have time to change shirts before going to his hosts' official dinner (caviar, pheasant, salmon and sucking pig).

Later that evening, as the entire party drove to the Moscow television tower restaurant for after-dinner coffee, Kosygin suddenly ordered the driver to stop the auto and took Brandt for a 20-minute walk along Kalinin Prospect, Moscow's most modern shopping street, whose glass-sheathed buildings could easily stand in Düsseldorf or Rotterdam.

Quick Checkup

Earlier that day, Brandt, who constantly puffs on cigarillos, had complained that his throat was hoarse. When he asked his hosts for a throat lozenge, they reassured him that they would find a better cure. When he returned to the Lenin Hills residence that night, three Soviet women physicians were waiting for him. They examined his throat, nose and ears, and listened to his heartbeat and breathing. Then they prescribed a mixture of hot milk and soda water for his scratchy throat. "It's a drink not normally on my list," said Brandt, whose favorite medicine is brandy, "but it worked quite well."

At every opportunity, Brandt sought to engage the Soviet leaders on the subject of Berlin. In the earlier negotiations with West German Foreign Minister Walter Scheel, the Russians had refused to discuss it, adamantly insisting that it was a four-power responsibility and none of West Germany's business. Under pressure from Scheel, however, the Soviets had privately agreed that if the West Germans would proceed with the signing of the treaty, some progress would take place in the four-power talks on Berlin. At the final meeting with Brandt, Kosygin begged off by saying that the Soviets, after all, had only a fourth of the responsibility for the talks on Berlin. In reply, Brandt quoted George Orwell's famous aphorism: "All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others." Kosygin allowed that Orwell was "undoubtedly right."

The Soviets had originally urged

Brandt to extend his trip and tour the country, but Brandt said no. For one thing, he wanted to dampen Soviet enthusiasm somewhat. He was taken aback at the grandiose terms in which the Soviets spoke of the treaty. Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, for example, told Scheel: "West Germany used to say it was an economic giant and a political dwarf. But now you are a political giant too." Brandt demurred, "I would like to say that I am a little scared by the superlatives that one finds here and there," he cautioned. "As a Berliner, I want to say: 'Haben sie's nicht 'ne Nummer kleiner?'" [Haven't you got it a size smaller?]"

There was another reason why he could not stay. The day after the signing ceremony, Aug. 13, was the ninth anniversary of the building of the Wall. It cut off the flow of East Germans trapped within the Stalinist satrapy of Walter Ulbricht, whose regime even today is based on the presence of 20 Soviet divisions.

The Treaty of Moscow allows the Wall to remain standing, but may in the long run create a more harmonious political order in which the Wall will become irrelevant. While no one could be certain of the treaty's eventual consequences, there was agreement that it would lead to a general relaxation.

For the West Germans, it will lead shortly to similar treaties with Poland and Czechoslovakia. Because Bonn recognizes that *détente* in Central Europe means nothing without *détente* in Berlin, Brandt's government is insisting on progress in the Berlin talks. The agreement holds promise of a vast new market opening to the East. Today, with Japanese exports rising, and with the



BRANDT TOYING WITH MATCHSTICK

growth of protectionist tendencies in the U.S., the Communist markets are an attractive possibility.

Above all, the treaty represents a chance to break the sterile and self-defeating situation that resulted from the postwar division of Germany. Brandt reckoned that it was wiser to hold in abeyance the policy of seeking immediate reunification than to allow the issue to continue to handicap Bonn's relations with its Communist neighbors. Said Brandt: "We are losing nothing with this treaty that was not gambled away long ago."

For Western Europe, already basking in a summer of *détente*, the treaty will be a boon. "It wrenches Europe out of the political and economic doldrums that have afflicted East-West relations since the start of the cold war," writes TIME Correspondent William Rademaekers, "and opens a vast horizon of economic and diplomatic movement." Most important, perhaps, is the boost it gives to Britain's chances of joining the Common Market. With West Germany's strength increasing so dramatically, France is likely to reverse the De Gaulle position and support Britain's entry.

Communist Motives

East Germany emerged as both a winner and a loser. The Soviets did not force Bonn to recognize East Germany as a precondition to the Treaty of Moscow, but Brandt did agree to accept the inviolability of present East German frontiers. Communist Party Boss Walter Ulbricht seized on the territorial guarantee to write letters to the heads of state of ten Western nations, demanding that they reconsider their longtime refusal to grant recognition to his regime. Sooner rather than later, he is bound to get it. However, since the Soviets have now accepted Brandt as a diplomatic partner, Ulbricht will probably be forced to agree to at least a measure of closer relations with West Germany.

For the Soviet Union, the treaty was a diplomatic victory. The Russians gained support for a European security conference, at which they hope to win the West's complete acceptance of Soviet domination in Eastern Europe and to speed up U.S. disengagement from Europe.

In Soviet global policy, Eastern Europe holds the overwhelming priority. Since the first stone was thrown at Soviet tanks in East Berlin in June 1953, the Russians have had good reason to feel uneasy about their volatile satellites. The legal recognition of Russia's immutable sphere of influence in Europe, contained in the Brandt-Kosygin treaty, is in large part designed by the Russians to destroy any illusions among its satellites about turning westward for economic and political help to achieve some measure of independence from Moscow. At the same time, Russia must meet Eastern Europe's economic aspirations to prevent new Dubček's from arising. The new Soviet-German treaty can provide

the ideal solution to the Soviet dilemma. It may offer Eastern Europe greater opportunities to reap economic gains from trade with West Germany and the rest of Europe, but always under the supervision and control of Moscow.

Not by accident did the Russians halt the development of a new Berlin crisis shortly after the first major armed clash between China and Russia on the Ussuri River in March 1969. In the post-war years, the utterly unrealistic Soviet portrait of West Germany as a vengeful monster out for Russian blood was a caricature created—in part—to justify the tremendous sacrifices demanded of both Soviet and East European people. The genuine threat of China to the Soviet Union dispelled the need for the West German monster; more important, it made *détente* with Europe an essential of Soviet policy. The present large-scale deployment of Soviet forces on Russia's European frontiers has become strategically wasteful.

Détente in the West may also serve to deter Western nations from a highly tempting ploy: forming ties with China. Moscow evidently hopes that the Western nations, and especially West Germany, will soon feel so committed by the spirit of conciliation that they will not wish to endanger their good and profitable relations with Russia by flirting with China. In Peking, the Chinese appear fearful that the Soviet success in sealing the status quo in Europe will give Russia a free hand in the East to threaten China and undermine Chinese influence in Asia.

Backward in virtually every industrial sector except the military, Russia's growth of industrial productivity and rate of return from investments in the past decade have sharply declined. In the race to achieve nuclear parity with the U.S. and to develop anything like an adequate production of consumer goods, the U.S.S.R. has spread its resources too thin. Much of Russia's tremendous natural resources in gas, oil

and essential ores remain untapped because they lie in remote areas, which would require vast capital investment and an advanced technology to exploit them.

Moreover, Russia's problems of economic growth have coincided with an era of scientific and technological explosion in the West, notably in the U.S. and West Germany. As a result, the West's initial lead in such prestigious sectors of the future as electronics and computers is growing at a rate that increasingly alarms the Kremlin. Moscow's treaty with Bonn provides the political basis for an influx of German capital and technical and managerial know-how on which Russia rests its hopes of bridging its technological gap with the West. U.S. Defense Secretary Melvin Laird may be able to pressure Henry Ford out of building a truck factory in the Soviet Union; but a European consortium headed by the German firm of Daimler-Benz is a highly acceptable alternative.

Having caught up with the U.S. in the race for strategic arms, the Soviet Union will no longer need to fear negotiating any agreement with any nation from a position of weakness. The Soviet-American SALT talks, which last week recessed until Nov. 2, have created an atmosphere for Western European nations to seek accommodations with Moscow without seeming to undermine their alliance with the U.S.

Risks of Relaxation

In spite of such obvious gains for the Soviet Union, the treaty also carries considerable risks. The trouble with relaxation in tension is that it cannot be controlled at will by the Russians. *Détentes* have their own dynamism and logic. Every period of relaxation has helped to create disturbances in the Soviet bloc, and in Russia itself, which deeply alarmed the Soviet leaders.

History seems to show that modern dictatorships cannot be maintained in re-

BRANDT & KOSYGIN SIGNING TREATY



laxed societies; they require a visible enemy and an atmosphere of struggle and danger. One effect of *détente* with the West is to strengthen more liberal groups in totalitarian societies that favor domestic reforms and are opposed to adventurist expansion abroad. *Détentes* also erode the authority of Communist regimes that have little or no popular support. Contacts and exchanges with the West tend to give fresh impetus to East Europe's aspirations for independence from Moscow.

Fruitful Exchange

Although the Europeans' fear of West Germany has almost disappeared and fear of the Soviet Union has declined substantially, both nations have long been symbols of dread in Europe. When the two countries fought each other, as they did in both world wars, other nations suffered as a result, and when they were allied, during long periods of history, it was scarcely to the advantage of the rest of Europe. In 1939, for example, Adolf Hitler sent his Foreign Secretary, Joachim von Ribbentrop, to Moscow. As Stalin stood smiling in the background in a library in the Kremlin, Ribbentrop signed a nonaggression pact that facilitated the Russians' invasion of Finland and the annexation of the Baltic states and the Nazis' blitzkrieg against Poland that started World War II.

That conflict and the ensuing cold war have obscured the fact that the two countries have often been engaged in a fruitful exchange of ideas and talents. Each country possesses values, riches and skills that the other needs and envies. Whenever Germany has felt confined by its frontiers, it has looked eastward to exercise its talents. Since the 18th century, backward Russia has repeatedly attempted to use Germany as the instrument for catching up with the rest of Europe. In the process, Germany and Russia have alternated between phases of fondest love and deep-

est hate. Observes the émigré Russian historian Victor Frank: "No other Europeans have been so hated by the Russians and none so loved."

Willy Brandt's own ideas about *Ostpolitik* date from the years he served as mayor of West Berlin from 1957 to 1966. Brandt became disillusioned early with the Dulles-Adenauer policy, which assumed that German reunification would be achieved as an inevitable consequence of the West's economic and military strength.

Then Brandt saw the Wall go up, and the West did nothing to stop it. Washington's reaction—or lack of it—made it clear that the U.S. was not prepared to risk confrontation with the Soviets over the German issue. So Brandt set out to try to do something himself. He decided on a policy of "small steps" toward the same ends—modest efforts at relaxation on a bilateral basis. His first attempt at *Ostpolitik*, after becoming Foreign Minister in 1966 in the Grand Coalition, was in Czechoslovakia. The Soviets seized on the West German rapprochement with Czechoslovakia as one of the main justifications for the invasion. The Czechoslovakia experience taught Brandt that progress could only be achieved through direct dealings with Moscow.

Perhaps reflecting an American inability to perceive the importance of a historic moment that occurs without U.S. participation, the signing of the Treaty of Moscow had little impact in the U.S. The State Department, whose reaction was notable for its lack of enthusiasm, expressed the hope that the treaty would lead to progress in Berlin.

Some observers feared that the whole fabric of *Ostpolitik* could be rent by the fall of Brandt's tiny coalition partner, the Free Democratic Party, whose 30 members gave him a bare twelve-seat majority in the 496-seat Bundestag. A defeat of the Free Democrats in the state elections in Hesse and Bavaria in November could result in a coalition cri-

sis that could end the Brandt government as presently constituted. Even so, Brandt's foreign policy seems to enjoy solid support among a large majority of West Germans, who grew weary of the cold-war posturing of the rival Christian Democrats.

The most important issue for the future is whether Western Europe alone is strong enough to resist Soviet pressures. It is not a superpower and is not likely to become one in the next decade or so. For one thing, it remains politically divided. For another, it lacks a significant nuclear capability. The declining U.S. concern over Europe was one of the reasons for Brandt's desire for a treaty with Russia. The danger is that the Treaty of Moscow and the ensuing movement toward *détente* could lull the West into a false sense of security and reinforce the drift toward U.S. withdrawal. In fact, the Treaty of Moscow immediately brought Senator Mike Mansfield back into the headlines with a call for a reduction of the American troop presence in Western Europe.

Test Case Berlin

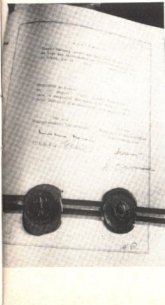
Europeans can hardly be blamed if, as they watch the U.S. colossus spending itself in distant wars and domestic turmoil, they question the credibility of the U.S. commitment to Europe. And Americans can hardly be blamed for wondering why U.S. troops should remain in West Germany when Brandt goes running off to Moscow to make pretty speeches about the Russians.

The possibility of unilateral American-troop withdrawals is an unsettling thought for Western Europe, especially since the Warsaw Pact countries have indicated a tentative willingness to discuss mutual balanced reduction of forces. A premature withdrawal of substantial numbers of American troops would hamper these discussions and play into the hands of the Soviet Union. Though there is reassuring talk coming from the Kremlin these days, few responsible Europeans believe that the Russians have given up their long-range goal of sundering NATO and pushing America out of Europe.

Brandt has embarked upon a realistic diplomatic gamble, which will only work to the benefit of the West if the U.S. continues to counterbalance the Soviets by its nuclear commitment to Europe. Brandt made clear to the Soviets that he intends to keep his ties to the Western allies intact, and that he considers Soviet willingness to accept this as the litmus test of West Germany's relations with Russia. Moreover, the Soviets must agree to allow untrammelled access between West Germany and West Berlin and cease all harassment of the Western sectors of the divided city before Brandt will submit the Treaty of Moscow to the Bundestag for ratification. Fittingly, the prospects for a true relaxation of tensions in Europe will be tested in the city where the cold war began a quarter-century ago.

TREATY OF MOSCOW

MOLOTOV SIGNING 1939 NONAGGRESSION PACT



GREECE

Slight Relaxation

Greece may be unpopular with other European governments, but it has never been more popular with European and American travelers. After a downturn in tourism in the wake of the 1967 military takeover, a record 1.3 million visitors are expected to flock to Greece's shores this summer, a 24% increase over 1969. The surge has given new impetus to Greece's economic boom. According to official estimates in Athens, the nation's growth rate in 1970 will equal or surpass last year's impressive 8%. Partly in a mood of gathering confidence and partly in an effort to placate opinion abroad, the country's ruling colonels have now taken some measures to relax their dictatorship.

Last week the regime announced the imminent release of about 500 leftists who were arrested after the 1967 coup. Those to be released had demonstrated, said a government spokesman, a "spirit of cooperation." Since 332 prisoners were released in April, some 600 less cooperative leftists are still in prison; the figure is nevertheless below the number of persons jailed for political reasons during the last years of the conservative pre-junta Karamanlis regime.

Cats and Snakes. The regime is lifting some of the rigid restraints on the arts and letters. It has even permitted a modest amount of criticism, though journalists can still be tried and jailed for publishing "antination propaganda." It is best to keep criticism obscure, as in the case of *Eighteen Texts*, a book recently published in Athens. Though Greece is not specifically mentioned, it is plainly the subject. The opening contribution, a poem by Nobel Prize winner George Seferis, recounts an old Cypriot tale in which a bunch of cats (read colonels) wipe out an invasion of snakes (read Communists), only to wind up poisoned by snake venom. A second story alludes to a remark of Premier Papadopoulos that contemporary Greece is like a patient in a plaster cast, which will be removed only when the patient is politically cured. In the story, a pair of mad doctors are zealously outfitting a man in a plaster cast from head to toe: such is the colonels' cure.

Greece's growing mood of relaxation has raised the question of whether that junta may soon allow free elections and relax martial law. But Premier George Papadopoulos still refuses to set a date for elections. The Greeks have such a passionate interest in politics, explains Papadopoulos, that they would lose interest in everything else if national elections were announced. Therefore he prefers that they take an interest in other countries' elections. As for the continuation of martial law, Papadopoulos insists that "it is a mere shadow. But men are restrained by this mere shadow more than they would be by the whole normal legal structure."

UPI



POLICE SEARCHING FOR GUERRILLAS IN MONTEVIDEO
Toughening their tactics.

URUGUAY

Murder, Tupamaros-Style

Unlike other Latin American terrorists, Uruguay's leftist guerrillas have cultivated a romantic image. Styling themselves the Tupamaros, after an 18th century Inca chief who led a revolt against Spain, they confined their activities mostly to robbing banks and tried to avoid bloodshed. That benign image was shattered earlier this month when they emulated the tactics of other Latin American insurrectionists by kidnaping three foreign officials. In return for the hostages' lives, the terrorists demanded the release of 160

Tupamaros held in Uruguayan prisons. When the government refused, the Tupamaros murdered one of their victims, Daniel Mitrone, 50, an AID official who had gone to Montevideo to assist the police in security measures. His body was found in a stolen car; there were two bullets in his back, two in the back of his head. Last week he was buried in his home town of Richmond, Ind., where he had served for four years as police chief.

The fate of the other two victims—Claude Fly, an AID agronomist from Colorado, and Aloysio Mares Dias Gomide, the Brazilian consul general in Montevideo—still remains in doubt. The Tupamaros have threatened to kill them also if Uruguayan police discover their whereabouts. Despite these threats, Uruguay's President Jorge Pacheco Areco refuses to bargain with the rebels. The U.S. State Department, though deploring the vulnerability of its diplomats, backs him up on the well-proven theory that if the guerrillas get away with these kidnappings, they will be encouraged to try more.

Shaky Foundation. Rather than negotiate, President Pacheco has cracked down on the guerrillas. With no protests from the opposition Blanco Party, he received authorization from Congress to suspend civil rights for 20 days, thus permitting police to make searches without a warrant and to hold suspects without charge or an appearance before a judge. More than 12,000 police and military men are on the case. In their house-to-house search of Montevideo, they have already made 1,500 arrests and detained 75 suspects.

The kidnappings and the killing are a climax to the troubles that have been plaguing Uruguay, which once was the



DANIEL MITRONE
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Pattern of Terror

The events in Uruguay are an ugly example of a rising pattern of kidnappings and killings that plague Latin America. Among the major incidents:

APRIL 1967: A terrorist in the Dominican Republic celebrated the anniversary of the U.S. intervention by hurling a grenade at an American schoolteacher and killing him.

JANUARY 1968: Guerrillas in Guatemala City machine-gunned to death two U.S. military attachés who were returning to work after lunch.

AUGUST 1968: U.S. Ambassador John Gordon Mein was gunned to death in Guatemala City when he tried to escape capture by guerrillas.

OCTOBER 1968: U.S. Army Captain Charles Chandler was shot and killed by terrorists in São Paulo, Brazil, while his nine-year-old son looked on. Chandler, a Viet Nam veteran, was slain, said the guerrillas, because of his "war crimes."

JUNE 1969: Terrorists fire-bombed 13 Buenos Aires supermarkets controlled by the Rockefeller family. Labor Leader August Timoteo Vador, boss of the huge metallurgical workers union in Argentina, was assassinated by five gunmen in downtown Buenos Aires.

SEPTEMBER 1969: U.S. Ambassador C. Burke Elbrick was kidnapped in Rio de Janeiro and exchanged for 15 political prisoners who were flown to Mexico.

MARCH 1970: Nobuo Okuchi, Japanese consul general in São Paulo, was kidnapped and exchanged for five prisoners who were flown to Mexico. Sean M. Holly, a U.S. labor attaché in Guatemala City, was kidnapped and ransomed for one political prisoner. U.S. Air Attaché Lieut. Colonel Donald Crowley was kidnapped and ransomed for 20 political prisoners. In La Paz, Bolivia, Newspaper Publisher Alfredo Alexander and his wife were killed by a bomb that was delivered to their house by messenger.

APRIL 1970: West German Ambassador Count Karl von Spreti was murdered when the Guatemalan government refused to meet the guerrillas' demand for the release of 22 political prisoners. Curtis C. Cutter, U.S. consul in Porto Alegre, Brazil, was wounded in the shoulder but escaped kidnapping by gunning his car around a roadblock.

MAY 1970: Pedro Eugenio Aramburu, former President of Argentina, was kidnapped from his home in Buenos Aires and killed.

JUNE 1970: Ehren von Holleben, West German Ambassador to Brazil, was kidnapped in Rio by terrorists who killed one of his bodyguards. Von Holleben was exchanged for 40 prisoners who were flown to Algiers.

paradise of Latin America. While its neighbors suffered from coups and economic chaos, Uruguay remained a sort of Latin Switzerland. It had an unbroken record of freely elected Presidents, and no dictator has ever been able to shoulder his way to power. It also established the most complete and extravagant welfare system of any country in the Americas. Uruguay's wealth, however, was based almost exclusively on continued world demand for meat and wool. When that demand slackened in the earlier '60s because of competition elsewhere, Uruguay began piling up a trade deficit that reached \$12.6 million in 1967, a huge amount by Uruguayan standards. The country's swollen bureaucracy, which employs 21% of the nation's 1,000,000-man work force, became an intolerable burden. To offset the high cost of the welfare state, Uruguay began printing more pesos. In the decade from 1959 to 1969, Uruguay's inflation soared 500%, a runaway rate exceeded only by Sukarno's Indonesia.

Threatened by Reform. In that atmosphere of shattered illusions, the Tupamaros were born. Raul Sendic, the movement's leader, who was arrested last week in Montevideo, started off by leading cane field workers on a march to the capital. Then he turned to more clandestine methods of harassing the government. The movement, now composed of perhaps 3,000 full-time activists, consists largely of youthful leftists from Uruguay's middle class, but it has also attracted murderous ideologues and common criminals.

Nonetheless, the Tupamaros remained rather moderate revolutionaries until President Pacheco began earnestly attacking Uruguay's economic problems. By freezing wages and prices, he managed to cut inflation to 14.5% in 1969; in the first half of this year, Uruguay had a favorable trade balance of \$15 million. Since the Tupamaros thrive on continued chaos, they felt threatened. As a result, they toughened their tactics.

INDIA

On the March

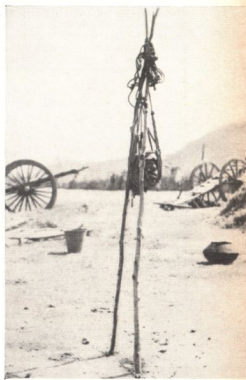
A few carried spears, others led bullocks. Nearly all were shoeless and clad only in tattered rags. Last week, in the largest land grab in India's recent history, peasants by the hundreds of thousands marched out in ten of the nation's 17 states and seized land held by rich landlords and the government. From Bihar and Uttar Pradesh in the north to Maharashtra and Gujarat on the west coast, they claim to have seized a total of 32,000 acres, at least temporarily.

The police generally dealt gently with the marchers. Despite the magnitude of the movement, only four deaths were reported. Nine thousand were arrested, and it appeared likely that the squatters would eventually be evicted.

The operation was led by a coalition of leftist parties, including the oldest of India's three Communist parties. It was

condemned by Prime Minister Indira Gandhi. Yet she cannot ignore the fact that, of 131 million Indians who work on the land, 30 million are landless laborers, and that more than 40% of the nation's 49 million cultivated holdings are smaller than the 2.5 acres needed for viable farming. The leftist parties seek to dramatize the point that unless the government puts into practice its long-promised land reform, restless peasants will take matters into their own hands. The specter that haunts responsible Indian leaders is that next time the marchers may be led by a new and vicious political sect that has made peasant rebellion and mayhem parts of its policy.

The new sect, which is a Peking-



HEAD OF NAXALITE VICTIM
Written in blood.

lining splinter of India's Communist movement, is known as the Naxalites. Praised by Radio Peking as "the front paw of India's revolution," the Mao-quoting Naxalites pose a fifth-column threat in any new Sino-Indian conflict. They have already staked a violent claim to the allegiance of the docile peasants. In 1967 they masterminded a short-lived but bloody tribal revolt at the foot of the Himalayas near Nepal in the region of Naxalbari—from which the group takes its name. For six weeks bands of peasants armed with guns, spears and knives roamed the countryside, brutally killing "class enemies"—usually wealthy landlords and moneylenders.

Police suppressed the Naxalbari revolt, only to have the Naxalites start

another uprising 400 miles away in the Srikakulam district of Andhra Pradesh state. There, in 15 months of guerrilla warfare, 31 "class enemies" were cruelly executed. The Naxalites hung their victims' heads from poles, and used their blood to scrawl Maoist slogans. The uprising was finally brought under control by last spring, when 2,000 police were brought in and a land-reform and development program was started. Although the Srikakulam Naxalite leadership was wiped out—with 70 cadres killed—Naxalite groups had spread by then to eleven of India's states.

Lack of Reform. About a year ago, in a tactical switch, the Naxalites went underground in the countryside. At the same time, they discovered a fertile new recruiting ground in the cities. The 50-year-old Naxalite leader, Charu Mazumdar, who conceived and planned the original 1967 uprising, exhorts students to quit school and form Red Guard units to stir up a peasant revolt. Now numbering perhaps 25,000 members, the Naxalite movement has recruited its most aggressive members from Calcutta's middle-class college students and graduates, frustrated by lack of opportunity in India's stagnant economy.

Since April, Weatherman-type gangs of young men and women have made almost daily hit-and-run attacks throughout Calcutta. They have ambushed three police vehicles, killing one policeman and injuring three. One gang stabbed a schoolteacher to death. A plainclothes cop was chased and killed by a knife-wielding mob. Nine movie houses showing an anti-Chinese film were attacked, their audiences routed. Public buses and trams were fire-bombed. Naxalites ransacked a printing plant handling a U.S. Government account, and sacked the local Ford Foundation office.

A special target of Naxalite violence has been the "bourgeois" universities. Deans' and professors' offices have been rifled. Libraries containing the works of Mahatma Gandhi are prime targets; the Maoist Naxalites consider Gandhi "the crystallization of revisionism."

Since the beginning of May, Naxalite violence has intensified and spread beyond Calcutta. In a series of clashes, more than a dozen policemen have been killed in West Bengal state.

The new activity came just as the Calcutta police were finally demonstrating an ability to handle the terrorists. In July, police rounded up 125 Naxalites and an arsenal of bombs. But, as one Calcutta police official admits, "police action is only one-tenth of the total effort required to curb the Naxalites." The other nine-tenths is social reform. In its 23 years of independence, the world's largest democracy has been running a dangerous race with famine, poverty and overpopulation. Unless reforms can improve life for the bulk of the Indian people, the bomb could replace Mahatma Gandhi's spinning wheel as the symbol of the Indian masses.



PLANTING RICE



STACKING FRESHLY MADE BOWLS



DIGGING IRRIGATION CANAL
War is only part of the problem.

NORTH VIET NAM

How Hanoi Hangs On

It is no secret that the South Vietnamese economy would collapse in a matter of weeks if U.S. support were withdrawn. Less widely recognized is the fact that, without considerable aid from the Soviet Union, China and other Communist countries, North Viet Nam would hardly be able to support its own 20 million people, much less prosecute a war that now embraces all of Indochina.

A new, confidential British government study on the North Vietnamese economy, which TIME obtained last week, shows that behind Hanoi's stubborn determination to persist in the war lies a startlingly fragile economy.

Bad Jokes. As the 31-page British report points out, North Viet Nam has encountered formidable economic difficulties that are caused only in part by the strains imposed by war. Much of the problem lies in poorly skilled and unmotivated workers. Though it has been nearly two years since the U.S. halted the air attacks on the North, Hanoi has not yet successfully revived its fledgling industry. Production goals have become a bad joke. Five-year plans proved to be such exercises in fiction that in 1968 Hanoi switched to one-year plans. Even so, targets remain elusive. Originally, Hanoi had announced plans for a 26% increase in light-industry output for 1969. When all the results were in, the real increase turned out to be 2.1%. Some machines were found to be in use only two to three hours a day, and workers were taking off after only four or six hours on the job.

The story in heavy industry is even less encouraging. At the big Hon Gai coal fields in Quang Ninh province, for example, production has slipped steadily since 1965, when it peaked at an annual output of 4,300,000 tons. Another bombing casualty? Not quite. The problem, as Premier Pham Van Dong put it in a recent speech, was labor's failure "to work with determination."

Hanoi's problems are compounded by the troubles that persist in agriculture. Fully 70% of North Viet Nam's agricultural work force is female, a reflection of the losses the country has suffered in nine years of war with the French and another nine years of fighting for control of South Viet Nam. The new strains of "miracle rice" that have brought self-sufficiency in food supply to many other Asian nations (TIME, July 13) have failed to take hold in North Viet Nam, partly because workers assigned to collective farms are unwilling to give the new strains the intensive care they require.

Party planners in Hanoi regularly criticize North Vietnamese farmers for "leisurely ways of working," but that is only part of the problem. The Japanese farmer, who has all sorts of machinery and chemicals at hand, turns out a quintal (about 220 lbs.) of rice in less than

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two hours; in North Viet Nam, where even hand tools are in short supply, it takes 64 to 80 hours. Just to meet the minimum needs of its people, Hanoi must import 800,000 tons of rice and wheat flour a year.

Measure of Distress. After several futile attempts to stamp out black-marketeering in the collectives in Vinh Phuc province, Party Theoretician Truong Chinh lamented that "corruption still remains, just like weeds that grow and grow again." The surly dock workers of Haiphong have left tons of cargo to rot and rust on the piers. In the countryside, stubborn peasants joke about Hanoi's efforts to make the collectives work. The latest concerns the government-issued *Nam Mot* (Model 51) plow. The shoddy, easily broken plow, say the peasants, should really be named "*Mot Nam*"—meaning one season.

Support from Russia, China and other Communist allies was stepped up in 1965; since then, outside economic assistance, aside from the huge volume of military aid, has totaled at least \$1 billion. The Soviets now ship North Viet Nam some 50,000 tons of supplies a month, and their engineers are working in Haiphong on an eightfold expansion of the harbor facilities. Hanoi has also received a hospital and trucks from Bulgaria, engineering equipment from Czechoslovakia, medical aid from East Germany, machinery and consumer goods from Hungary and economic aid from Poland. North Vietnamese get training in various skills in Russia, China and several East bloc countries. However, Hanoi submits the returned trainees to a lengthy and stifling indoctrination course, which apparently blunts much of what they have learned about improved ways of running the economy.

A measure of Hanoi's own distress at the country's decaying economy is shown in the fact that it has revised one of Communism's oldest rubrics: "From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs." The new principle, as expressed in Hanoi's State Plan for 1970, promises that "those who work much will receive much, those who work little will receive little, and those who are able to work but refuse to must be forced to work and live by the results of their labor."

CHINA

The Army's Man

The two high points of a foreign VIP's visit to Peking used to be an airport greeting by Premier Chou En-lai and the "cordial conversation" with Chairman Mao Tse-tung. Now there is a third. In recent weeks, ranking visitors from Rumania and North Korea have met not only Mao and Chou but also General Huang Yung-sheng, 64, Chief of Staff of China's People's Liberation Army. Last week when the heads of state of South Yemen and the Sudan came to town, Huang acted as co-host with Chou, who has accorded the

general a rare compliment. Said Chou: "We do not have many persons like him in the country."

Chou should know. In a country where Mao once said that "the gun must never be allowed to command the party," the army has, in fact, taken almost complete control. China watchers in Hong Kong reckon Huang now to be the second most powerful military man in China, after Defense Minister Lin Piao, who is Mao's heir apparent.

Peking Pentagon. Huang's own career reflects the rise of the military in the wake of the catastrophic Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. When Mao launched the revolution in 1966, he hoped to smash the old order and build a new society that would rest partly on the army, partly on a reinvigorated party, and partly on a new generation of

well that his chances of succeeding Mao some day depend on close ties with the army commanders in the provinces. It became Huang's task, when Lin promoted him to Chief of Staff 15 months ago, to strengthen those ties. Along the way, Huang has been making some ties of his own. To sidestep the aging marshals in the Peking Pentagon known as the Military Affairs Commission, Huang set up a small administrative office, from which he and a group of supporters effectively run the army. In serving Lin, who is ailing and rarely seen in public these days, Huang of course serves his own future.

Huang was one of the original 400 revolutionaries who survived Mao's abortive 1927 "Autumn Harvest Uprising" and fled with him into the Ching-kang mountains to form the nucleus of the Red Army in China. During years of Japanese invasion and civil war, Huang often served under Lin. As commander of the Canton military region in the turbulent summer of 1967, Huang was one of the first army men to speak out against the excesses of the Cultural Revolution. He openly supported the conservatives, declaring that "from now on, we must have a clear-cut attitude. We cannot play ball with both sides." When "Red Flag" radicals pledged to smash his Canton headquarters, Huang ordered his troops to open fire on the young fanatics, ignoring the fact that they were the particular darlings of Mao's wife Chiang Ching. Huang was summoned to Peking to confess his errors, but the following spring he was promoted to Chief of Staff.

Diplomatic Touch. As army chief, Huang has become an obvious rival to Chou En-lai, whose own power has declined along with that of the party and the civilian government.

Personally, the two men could hardly be more dissimilar. Chou is urbane and sophisticated. Huang, born to a farm family in central Hupei province, seems to glory in a sort of peasant earthiness, much as Mao does. He likes to brag about his lack of book learning. "Even if you turn me inside out, you won't be able to find a drop of ink," he says. Huang normally smothers his meals in red peppers (the Hupei version of catsup), but in his Canton days he did develop a taste for a few southern delicacies, notably snake broth and dog meat.

Since coming to Peking, Huang has learned to cope with the formalities of diplomatic ceremonies, though he still has to watch Chou to find out where to stand and when to speak. A recent foreign visitor was astonished to see Huang, at an airport reception, standing at attention in uniform, apparently unaware of the blue-and-white-striped pajamas sticking out of his trouser legs.



HUANG YUNG-SHENG

A taste for snake broth and dog meat.

Maoist youth. But the rampaging Red Guards left China in such a shambles that Mao was forced to call in the troops, not only to restore order but also to administer the country. Now the army shows no readiness to surrender its political pre-eminence.

Army commanders in the field have paid only lip service to calls by civilian politicians in Peking for a return to party rule. In fact, in recent weeks civilian party chairmen have been ousted from the ruling revolutionary committees in Shantung, Shansi and Kweichow provinces. As a result, 27 of China's 29 provinces are now under what amounts to military rule. In Peking, where the military holds more than half of the 21 posts in the Politburo, army men preside over both the formulation and execution of policy.

The army's rise to power is largely a result of the keen ambition of Lin Piao. The longtime defense chief knows full

Should we stop giving money to people who say "Yankee Go Home"?



There are many Americans who say we cannot afford to ignore the rest of the world's problems. That as a world leader we are obligated to help under-developed nations which make up nearly two-thirds of the world's population. That turning our back on them will lose us the respect of all nations. And if we don't help, those countries surely could become ripe for a Communist takeover.

Many other Americans believe that we should not contribute American dollars and talents to countries which denounce Americanism, or those who do business with Communist countries. That to do so is virtually aiding and abetting our enemies. They argue that our multi-billion dollar foreign aid "handout" is ineffective as a cold war deterrent. And that all

that money and skill could better be used to feed and clothe, house and educate the underprivileged in our own country.

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PEOPLE

The day of the star may be really dead. Consider the case of seven-year-old **Charlie Matthau**, who last week set up a lemonade stand in front of his home in Pacific Palisades, Calif. After a no-sale morning at 2¢ a glass, Charlie asked his father, a star named **Walter**, to sit on the sidewalk with him to draw some customers. "He wanted me to sit facing the traffic so people would see me and stop," Walter says. "I told him no. I'd sit facing the house." Charlie agreed, "That's O.K. People will know you by your background." Apparently not. Charlie got not a nibble.

UPI



VANESSA REDGRAVE
Gallant gesture.

Ever ready to take up a cause, Actress **Vanessa Redgrave** last week proffered aid to 18 Black Power demonstrators who had been jailed after clashing with London police. She posted herself outside the Marylebone Magistrates' Court and announced she would stand bail for anyone who needed it. Gallant though it was, her gesture proved to be empty; all of the defendants were freed on bail without her help to await their trials in October.

He came to praise Rivers, but buried Vinson. Vice President **Spiro Agnew** was at his quippy best last week as he paid tribute to South Carolina's Democratic Representative **L. Mendel Rivers**, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee and new recipient of a Distinguished American Award. In a speech

interrupted 14 times by laughter, the Vice President mentioned Rivers' honorary membership in the International College of Dentists. Said Agnew: "I told him, 'You're never going to play practice dentistry on me.' 'That's all right,' he replied. 'I'm never going to play golf with you.'" Not all of the humor was intentional. Toward the end of his speech, Agnew referred to Rivers' predecessor, former Representative **Carl Vinson**, as "the late Carl Vinson." On the phone in Georgia, the 86-year-old ex-Congressman was not amused: "I saw that in the paper. I've got no comment. I'm still living." Slam.

"It was really a lark. But when they got out there they got serious." Thus **Dick Smothers**, the eventual winner, described the inaugural Celebrity Pro-Am Auto Race at Ontario, Calif. The \$50,000 purse went to the Motion Picture and Television Relief Fund, and stars of all styles turned out to draw the crowds. **Dan Gurney** and **Pancho Gonzalez** sprinted into the lead, lost it, and then regained it by cutting up—and across the infield—thoroughly disqualifying themselves. Second behind Smothers and his partner **Bobby Unser** came Astronaut **Pete Conrad** and **Mario Andretti**. Despite a sprained ankle, **Paul Newman** leadfooted it out of the pits so furiously that he tore up his car's transmission. But the whole race was so casual that for once **Parnelli Jones**, Newman's co-driver, did not seem to mind losing.

In her day she rejected such suitors as **Clark Gable** and **Jimmy Stewart**, but lovely **Anita Colby**, once nicknamed "The Face," has finally said yes. The former model was the first to be paid \$100 an hour, and in one month in 1936 appeared on 15 magazine covers. She is an actress (nine movies), columnist, advertising executive, beauty consultant and author. Still, she could not quite explain what her textile executive fiancé, **Palen Flagler**, 58, has over Gable. Or Stewart, for that matter. Whatever it is, it obviously came along at the right time; at 56 the eclectic career woman says she is finally ready to settle down—though she cautions that she plans to "keep busy" after the September wedding.

New on the job, the policemen in the patrol car set out in pursuit of the late-model blue-and-white sedan—license number SC-1—that had sped through a red light in Washington, D.C. Siren howling and red light flashing, the squad car chased the offender for a mile. When he finally pulled to the side of the road, the driver handed over his license. Result: no ticket. Later, South Carolina Senator **Strom Thurmond** explained: "The police department informed my office that the officer was

inexperienced and expressed regret that the incident occurred." Under federal law, while on official business a member of Congress can only be arrested for breach of the peace, felony or treason. Case closed.

On the balmy isle of Sardinia, this year's resort area of Porto Rotonda has taken the play from last year's Costa Smeralda. Playing along, Sweden's handsome, eligible **Crown Prince Carl Gustaf**, 24, did not hesitate a minute when the "All in Red" theme of one of Porto Rotonda's costume parties was announced. He draped himself in red sarong, Belafonte shirt and red beads. Also spied at the fashionable new play-

BURA 2 PRESS



ISABELLA ROSSELLINI
Royal play.

ground were those now-quite-grown twin daughters of **Ingrid Bergman** and **Roberto Rossellini**, 18-year-old **Isabella** and **Isotta**.

All she wants to be is Mrs. William Wesley Peters, housewife. That may not seem much to ask, but when the seeker of anonymity is the former **Svetlana Alliluyeva**, daughter of **Joseph Stalin**, the request takes on unusual proportions. At home in Spring Green, Wis., the bride of four months, whose husband is vice president of the Frank Lloyd Wright Foundation, still cannot escape pesky reporters requesting interviews. Mrs. Peters patiently insists that she is not planning to write a third book. "I am planning to do nothing except be a good wife to my husband. That is a full-time job."

THE LAW

State of the Judiciary

Chief Justice Warren E. Burger makes no secret of his hope that Congress will eventually invite him and his successors to deliver an annual "State of the Judiciary" address—a report that would, in effect, be a corollary to the President's State of the Union message. At the American Bar Association convention in St. Louis last week, Burger gave 2,500 delegates a sample of what he has in mind: a nationally televised address that proved to be a 27-minute diagnosis of what he thinks ails the nation's federal court system.

"In the supermarket age," said the Chief Justice, "we are like a merchant trying to operate a cracker-barrel grocery store with the methods and equipment of 1900." When it comes to funds, he noted, "the entire cost of the federal judicial system is \$128 million," compared with \$200 million for a single C-5A military airplane. But "more money and more judges alone is not the real solution," he said. "Some of what is wrong is due to the failure to apply the techniques of modern business to the management of the purely mechanical operation of the courts—of modern record keeping, systems planning for handling the movement of cases. Some is also due to antiquated, rigid procedures which not only permit delay but often encourage it."

Twice as Slow. As if archaic methods were not bad enough, said Burger, federal courts are reeling under the impact of rising population, new legislation obliging judges to hear new kinds of cases, and pressure for closer scrutiny of confessions and police evidence



NEW YORK POLICE MOVE INTO THE TOMBS
A dramatic message of frustration.

"before depriving any person of his freedom." Though liberty must outrank efficiency, Burger said, it is disturbing "that in all federal district courts it now takes twice as long as it did ten years ago to dispose of criminal cases from indictment to sentence." He added, "Finality at some point is indispensable to any rational—and workable—judicial system."

Burger warned his audience that the entire criminal-law system, including the number of judges, prosecutors and courtrooms, is built on a shaky premise: "that approximately 90% of defendants will plead guilty, leaving only 10%, more or less, to be tried." As defendants exercise new rights, he said, the system could easily flounder. A reduction in guilty pleas to 80% "requires the assignment of twice the judicial manpower and facilities—judges, court reporters, bailiffs, clerks, jurors and courtrooms. A reduction to 70% trebles this demand."

Drastic Changes. Even as the system now stands, Burger acknowledged, the plain truth is that American criminal justice does not deter criminal conduct. "If ever the law is to have genuine deterrent effect, we must make some drastic changes. The most simple and most obvious remedy is to give the courts the manpower and tools—including the prosecutors and defense lawyers—to try criminal cases within 60 days after indictment and let us see what happens. I predict that it would sharply reduce the crime rate." On other fronts, Burger recommended:

► A hard look at legislation that encourages new kinds of lawsuits and further clogs the courts. "People speak glibly of putting all the problems of pollution, of crowded cities, of consumer class actions and others in the federal courts. We should look more to state courts familiar with local conditions and problems." The Chief Justice recommended the creation of a six-man federal judiciary council that would advise

Congress on how proposed legislation may affect the judicial branch.

► A reduction of federal case loads by state assumption of responsibility for the great mass of habeas corpus cases.

► More attention to the total concept of criminal justice, not just the period from arrest through trial. Stressing his deep concern about prison reform, Burger told the lawyers: "We can no longer limit our responsibility to providing defense services for the judicial process, yet continue to be miserly with the needs of correctional institutions and probation and parole services."

The Black Hole of Manhattan

The word that sums up conditions at New York's most infamous jail is precisely the one that Chief Justice Burger used: "miserly." Known appropriately enough as the Tombs, the Manhattan House of Detention for Men is stuffed with close to 2,000 prisoners; it is a dank fortress built to hold 932 at most. Last week, as if to dramatize the Chief Justice's appeal for penal reform, 800 Tombs prisoners erupted in a window-smashing, furniture-throwing, bed-sheet-burning display of frustration brought on by inhumane conditions and the apparent indifference of the outside world.

Buck-Passing. The trouble began at dawn on Monday when 200 prisoners seized five guards and held them hostage behind a barricade of mattresses, bedsprings and chairs until their grievances were heard. After city and prison officials heard the complaints—overcrowding, filthy cells, guard brutality—the hostages were released unharmed. But the next day 800 other dissidents continued the disruptions. With growing fury, the rebels hurled tin cups, plates, pipes and anything else they could wrench from their cell walls. After seizing four of the building's twelve floors, they smashed 3-in.-thick glass windows and tossed chairs and garbage to the streets below. The melee was finally brought under control the following day;



CHIEF JUSTICE BURGER
A call for action.



RIOTING INMATES AT THE WINDOWS
A challenge to indifference.

the prisoners were promised an official investigation of jail conditions. Remarkably, only two injuries—both minor—were reported.

Even while the last remnants of the riot were being swept away, the traditional exercise in bureaucratic buck-passing had already begun. Mayor John Lindsay held Governor Nelson Rockefeller directly responsible for correcting the situation; indeed, the city's jails contain 4,400 sentenced prisoners who should be transferred elsewhere. While accepting 300 for confinement in state facilities, Rocky reminded Lindsay that the first priority was to restore order. Even with the transfers, only two guards control 250 prisoners on each floor. The most confused official of all seemed to be the city's commissioner of correction, George McGrath, who admitted the overcrowding—and simultaneously voiced disbelief. "If things were all that bad," he said, "I'd have heard about it before this."

Lice and Men. In fact, the squalor of the Tombs was reported 128 years ago by Charles Dickens. He labeled the original Tombs "this dismal-fronted pile of bastard Egyptian." The present dungeon was built in 1941, and little has changed but the occupants. The 6-ft.-wide cells were designed for one man; now they often hold three, with one compelled to sleep on the concrete floor. If a man gets a blanket, it is usually infested with lice and roaches. Homosexual assaults are routine; some guards reportedly traffic in drugs. As a final blow, most of the Tombs prisoners have not even been convicted of a crime—they are merely rotting away while awaiting trial.

Manhattan Democratic Congressman Edward Koch, who has closely studied the Tombs, sums up the situation in words that Chief Justice Burger would understand. "This place brutalizes people," says Koch. "If we permit the prisoners to be brutalized, the prisoners are going to brutalize us."

A Mayor's Indictment

The mess at the Tombs lent special urgency to Mayor John V. Lindsay's impassioned speech before the ABA delegates in St. Louis. Stunned by the jail riots in his city and prodded by Chief Justice Burger's analysis of a crippled judicial system, Lindsay pleaded with the lawyers to help repair the archaic machinery of justice.

In an obvious swipe at the Nixon Administration, Lindsay dismissed the catch phrase "strict construction" and the tough talk of anticrime rhetoric. "No responsible lawyer or politician can abandon the fight to make law-and-order the rule of law that works, instead of a code word that doesn't work," said Lindsay. In his view, politicians and lawyers have patently failed to cope with such practical issues as whether people feel free to walk to a city newsstand after dark, whether police apprehend criminals, whether courts actually convict the guilty, and whether correctional systems really rehabilitate.

For Lindsay, the answers are neither simply stated nor easily carried out. But they are attainable. "Law-and-order works when you open a new narcotics center in New York City, when you hire more policemen in Los Angeles, when you computerize court calendars in Pittsburgh. It's not as dramatic as talking tough. It may not be good political gamesmanship. But tedious, systematic, nuts-and-bolts work is the only way to rebuild criminal justice."

The danger, Lindsay suggested, is that ordinary citizens may soon grow impatient with trusting leaders and lawyers to enforce the law. "That trust is precious, and we are on the verge of losing it. And the real villain is our nation's priorities. Eighty billion dollars for defense and war abroad—less than \$500 million for safety in our streets at home." Until the priorities are re-ordered, said Lindsay, the only realistic outlook is for more crime.

Nader v. G.M. (Contd.)

Ralph Nader, the crusading critic of auto safety standards, has carried his long public feud with General Motors before television cameras, congressional committees and the courts. But last week both sides met quietly—and the young lawyer came away with his most lucrative victory yet. In an out-of-court settlement of his suit against G.M. for invasion of privacy, the company agreed to pay Nader \$425,000 in damages.

Nader charged four years ago that once G.M. heard of his investigation of the automobile industry, which he was about to publicize in his book, *Unsafe at Any Speed*, the company began a snooping operation of its own. In his suit Nader complained that G.M. had hired a firm of private investigators, whose detectives shadowed him, harassed him with threatening phone calls and interrogated his acquaintances about his personal life. Attractive girls, Nader said, were used in the hope of luring him into compromising sexual escapades. Though former G.M. President James Roche apologized publicly for the harassment, he denied that he or other G.M. governing officers knew about it. Last week, G.M. still insisted that the settlement was only a convenience, not an admission of guilt.

The settlement, which Nader's lawyer claims to be the largest in the history of invasion-of-privacy litigation, has hardly assuaged Nader's feelings toward G.M. He announced that he would pour the funds into further monitoring of G.M.'s record on safety, pollution and consumer relations. For the time being Nader's check has been deposited in the First National City Bank—which he is currently investigating for discriminatory loan and trust activities.



RALPH NADER
Still investigating.

MODERN LIVING



AMERICAN STUDENTS IN BELGRADE
Finding affection for apple-pie values.

Surprises in the East

In a quiet Prague restaurant, a group of young Americans were talking with their waiter. After a quick glance around to make sure that no Czechoslovaks were watching, he pulled out a Nixon-Agnew button. "He was really proud of that button," said Harold Hothan, 21, a Stanford student. "To him, it was an affirmation of sympathy with the West, with Nixon and Agnew as its symbol. We jeered and booed. The poor waiter actually got angry because we didn't like Nixon and Agnew."

For those young Americans who are detouring from the overcrowded highways of Western Europe this summer to investigate the nations of the East, the incident is typical. Few have any liking for Soviet-style Communism. But generally they are left of center in their politics and critical of American values and institutions. Hence the ordinary East European's indiscriminating affection for things American surprises the visitors—and provides quite an education.

Mind-Blown Guards. Gedney Howe, 23, and Dennis Nicholson, 24, who roared through the East bloc on a pair of British motorcycles, found that their bikes were an invaluable way of making friends at frontiers. "We'd get to some border," said Nicholson, "and you could see that the bikes really blew the guards' minds. They'd ask questions. We'd rev up the motors for them, and we'd all laugh and joke." Even without motorcycles, Americans are the object of intense curiosity and admiration, particularly in the provinces. Almost everywhere, they meet friendliness from private citizens, as opposed to government functionaries. In one Rumanian village, a couple of residents broke into tears at the sight of a U.S. passport. The visitors are often astonished by the discovery that many East Europeans admire precisely the apple-pie American-

isms rejected by vast numbers of American youngsters. "Hungarians really admire American materialism," a 19-year-old from the University of Wisconsin said. "They really hunger for the consumer goods that seem to choke us."

Attempts to get close to East European youngsters have varying results. In Prague, contacts are relatively simple to make as long as they are kept discreet; young Czechoslovaks are still allowed to wear their hair long and dress in approximations of hippie styles. Elsewhere, the hip gap is far wider. In Rumania, some young Americans have to endure official haircuts before being admitted. "In Rumania, in Bulgaria, do you know who the native hippies are?" said Mark Altschuler, 23, of New York. "Rich kids, very correct, with G.I. cuts and Oxford blazers. They turn up The Who a little loud and like it was Woodstock, man. They don't dare to get really out of step. You begin to understand why just rock is such a big trip."

Out of Bond. Many of the American youngsters who have strong ideas about how "repressive" American society is are shaken by a look at Communist-style repression and the police-state atmosphere. Crossing by train into the Soviet Union was "just incredible," according to Douglas Lempereur, 23. "Officials searched everything—purses, pockets, belts. They felt around our waists and examined all printed matter. They searched every inch of the train. Spotlights lit up the night and the guards carried machine guns." Entering Czechoslovakia was equally chilling for Barbara Alpern, 19. "The scene was straight out of James Bond. A squat old woman in an ill-fitting gray-green uniform charged through our bus searching everything. She confiscated a history book."

Except in Yugoslavia, where authorities are relatively relaxed, the shadow of the secret police strikes some of the tourists. A coed found people in Prague

"really paranoid about the police. They kept looking around to see if anyone was watching us; they wouldn't come within a block of our hotel."

Local racism is also distressing. "Czechs and Rumanians slur the gypsies," said Miss Alpern. "They told us: 'They are our blacks. We can't do anything about them.' The Hungarians slur the Rumanians, and the Rumanians believe that they are Latins and thus superior to the Slavs. The Poles hate the Germans and the Russians too."

The entire experience was summed up by Harold Hothan. "Before I went," he said, "all of Eastern Europe was one big blob. Most of what I had heard about it I dismissed as American propaganda. Wow, was I naive."

The Anti-Knee Kick

"MEN," screams the Macy's ad, "are you distraught about the disappearance of the beautiful American knee?" The way to overcome masculine distress over lower hemlines seems to be seduction. "Just relax," the ad continues. "Close your eyes. Breathe deeply and think positively. Think of words like slinky . . . and slender . . . and smooth. Think of clingy . . . and close-fit. Think of shape. Think of soft. Think of feminine."

Retailers, obviously, have been thinking about the risk of poor Longueville sales. Paris and Seventh Avenue have decreed an end to the mini for this fall, but the consumer vote will not be in for some weeks. As a result, Macy's is hedging. At the end of the ad, it acknowledges that it will continue to offer short skirts, too.

Manhattan stores such as Bonwit Teller, Lord & Taylor and Ohrbach's have also been advertising the midi lustily, and more directly. Proclaimed Ohrbach's: "THE KNEE IS DEAD!"

Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Goodman
have the honour of announcing
the Divorce of their daughter
Barbara Jane
from
Ronald Melvin what's his name
in the year of our Lord
nineteen hundred and seventy
Superior Court
Los Angeles, California

A PUT-ON? Not at all. The Goodmans and their actress daughter, whose stage name is Wendy Wilson, were so happy about the untied knot that they sent embossed announcements to 110 friends and relatives. Explained Wendy: "It beats calling people and saying, 'Well, I'm free again.'" The result has been a number of dates and some divorce gifts. Her former husband, Ronald Melvin Charnak, she said, "laughed like mad."



It's an Old Forester kind of day.

And in the past 100 years there's been a lot of them.

For 100 years, people who enjoy the taste of a great Kentucky Bourbon have turned to Old Forester.

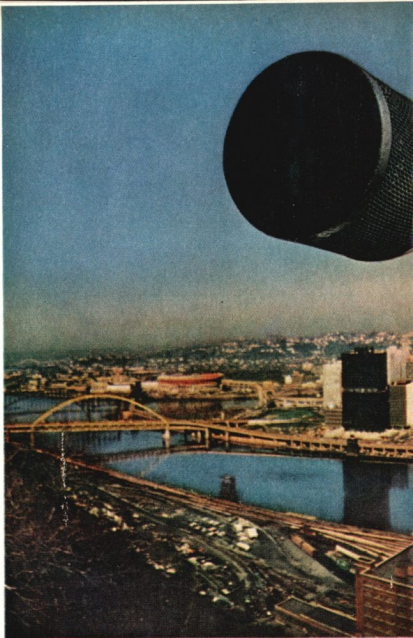


At 86 or 100 proof "There is nothing better in the market."

Brown-Forman Distillers Corporation At Louisville in Kentucky ©1970.

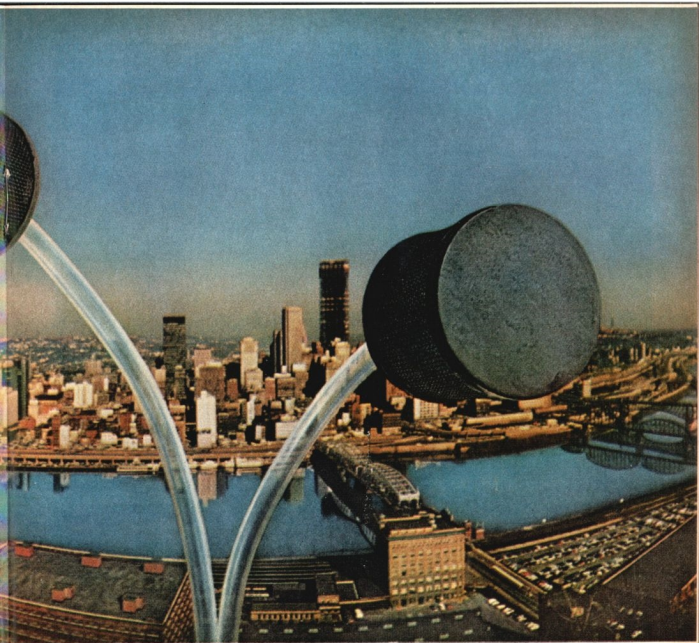


IBM's Dennis Leonetti, who began working on Allegheny County's long-standing air-pollution project in 1967, at the site of a planned sensing station.



They're keeping an eye on unseen pollutants in a city's air.

Once a 3-white-shirt-a-day city, Pittsburgh did a remarkable job of cleaning up its visible air pollution. But how do you fight the stuff you can't see? Dennis Leonetti's story is another example of how IBM, its people or products often play a part in tackling today's problems.



"Air taken in through 'sniffers' like these is continuously analyzed for pollutants. Readings are then fed into a central computer."

"There were days when Pittsburgh was dark by noon. And some people wore three shirts a day," reflects Dennis Leonetti, IBM Marketing Representative to the Allegheny County Bureau of Air Pollution Control.

"They really did a remarkable job of cleaning up the visible pollution. As far back as 1962, a U.S. Public Health Service study, covering thirteen cities, showed that Pittsburgh had less 'dust' than eleven of them. Only Salt Lake City had clearer air.

"But the most difficult part of the job is still ahead.

"What we're after now are the pollutants you can't see. Carbon monoxide. Sulphur dioxide. And what's called fine particulate, the stuff that stays suspended in the air.

"By this summer, the County will have seven sensing stations with 52 sensors. The final plan calls for seventeen stations with 103 sensors.

"These 'sniffers' take continuous readings of pollutant levels, which, along with weather data, are fed into the computer over telephone lines.

"Readings are printed out every five minutes. But when a pollutant exceeds a specified level, the print-out appears in red and the computer automatically requests new readings every fifteen seconds.

"A system like this can pinpoint excess pollutants and their sources. And give pollution authorities an opportunity to take appropriate action.

"What's more, we'll eventually be able to use it as an early warning system—spotting dangerous conditions before critical pollution levels are reached.

"Nobody's looking for any awards yet. We haven't eliminated air pollution. But what we're doing will help here. And, we hope, in other cities as well."

IBM



Davey has a lot more growing for you than trees.

For homeowners, Davey makes pride and value grow . . . along with beautiful residential trees, expertly cared for.

For municipalities and professional landscape architects, our complete tree and landscape service increases public acceptance of well-kept streets, parks, institutional and commercial property.

We help utility companies assure uninterrupted service by keeping lines clear. Skilled men with specialized equipment

work quickly and efficiently, striving always to maintain the health and beauty of trees.

Whatever your tree-care needs, Davey has a lot more growing for you: the original and largest tree-saving service in the world. Find us in the Yellow Pages under TREE SERVICE, or write to Dept. 3.

DAVEY TREE

KENT, OHIO 44240
Coast to Coast and Canada



SPORT

JACK KLUMPE—CINCINNATI POST & TIMES-STAR



CARBO, BENCH, PEREZ, TOLAN & ROSE
If they can only stay hungry.

Big Red Machine

The first thing people notice about Atanasio Rigal Perez is his distinctive build. The second is the way he hits a baseball. His teammates insist there is a connection between the two. "See that rear end on him," says Johnny Bench. "That's what generates his power." Not long ago the callipygous Cuban was leading both major leagues in home runs, runs batted in and batting average. Now it looks as if he might not lead his own team in anything. Not that Tony Perez is slumping—he hammered out four homers and drove in 14 runs in his last six games. It is simply that he plays for a fearsome aggregation known this year as the "Big Red Machine."

Warmup for the 1970s, Cincinnati is a river city of long hot summers and long-suffering fans, whose loyalty has been rewarded by only four pennants and two World Series victories in the 94 years since they joined the National League. But everyone in town agrees that the long lackluster century was just a warmup for the 1970s. By playing .700 ball into the last of July, the Cincinnati Reds have made a farce out of the league's western division race. Last week they led second-place Los Angeles by 11½ games. Third-place Atlanta is 20½ games back, and Cincinnati is already looking to October, when the Reds are expected to bring home their first world championship in 30 years. Says General Manager Bob Howsam: "I see no reason why we can't stay up there if we don't get too fat. We have to stay hungry to do it."

Young players are hungry players, and the team has no fat old men. Rook-

ie Manager Sparky Anderson, himself the majors' youngest pilot at 36, starts his line-up card with five .300 hitters. They have a mid-August total of 118 home runs, and the oldest man among them is 28. The first batter an opposing pitcher has to face is Outfielder Pete Rose, who is pursuing his third straight batting title with a .328 average. Next comes Bobby Tolan, a .317-hitting centerfielder who has learned to add insult to injury by becoming baseball's most accomplished base thief. He has stolen 43 so far this season. Tony Perez bats No. 3. He still leads the Reds in batting average with .334, but in the power categories he has fallen behind Cincy's Catcher and Cleanup Man Johnny Bench, who leads the majors in home runs (40) and RBIs (115), and sets new criteria for excellence at his position. No. 5, Rookie Outfielder Bernie Carbo, has the face of a matinee idol, and 19 home runs in only 263 at bats. They are all backed up by Lee May, the quiet first baseman who is called "Mechanical Man" because of his stiff bearing. May led last year's Reds with 38 homers and has 25 this season.

Wide Open Spaces. Students of the game will recall that long-ball hitters are something of a tradition in Cincinnati. The trouble has always been pitching—except for this year. A couple of trades brought in two American League veterans: Jim Merritt from the Minnesota Twins and Jim McGlothlin from the California Angels. Together they have won 28 games. A pair of home-grown youngsters, Gary Nolan, 22, and Wayne Simpson, 21, have added another 29 victories.

In the early part of the season, the Reds' bedeviled rivals could hardly wait

for the opening of Cincinnati's \$44 million Riverfront Stadium—not only because of the 50,000 seats. The new park's wide open spaces were expected to cut into the Reds' homer parade. Nothing doing. Since Riverfront opened on June 30, Bench and Perez have reached the distant bleachers on 17 occasions.

One night last week, while the Machine was beating a team from New York, Tony Perez came up to bat with the bases loaded and got all his weight into one. Way, way up in the left-field grandstand's third deck were two ingrates who thought they were safe. Tony's 500-ft. blast just cleared them and their sign, which read "Jimmy and Tobi Love the Mets." The Mets?

King of the Road

A recent cartoon in a Belgian newspaper showed King Baudouin eagerly clapping the hand of Bicycle Racer Eddy Merckx. In the surrounding crowd, one spectator is seen asking a companion: "Hey, who's that fellow shaking hands with Eddy?"

Good question. While some Europeans may have trouble identifying the monarch of Belgium, just about everyone recognizes Merckx, the reigning king of the road. One of the most popular athletes on the Continent, the handsome Belgian dominates bike racing the way Brazil's Pelé rules soccer. Fans hail him as the "Beethoven of the bike." Sportswriters call him "the synthesis of bulldozer and adding machine." France's own great racer, Jacques Anquetil, simply shrugs: "Unbelievable."

Out of Sight. Two weeks ago at Vailly-sur-Sauldre, Merckx overwhelmed the field to post his 227th victory in the

PRESTIGE SPORTS



MERCKX IN THE TOUR DE FRANCE
Beethoven of the bike.

past five years. It is a wonder any rivals showed up at all after Eddy's crushing victory in last month's Tour de France, the richest and most prestigious event on the bike-racing calendar. A grueling, 23-day marathon that begins and ends in Paris, the Tour twists through 2,702 miles of lung-straining terrain. The daily laps are so brutal that strategy counts for as much as speed and stamina; the wise racer rides in the pack, pacing himself and hoarding energy for a final sprint. Not Eddy. "Why wait?" he says. "It's just as easy to be pedaling out front." In his first Tour last year, Eddy astounded everyone by sprinting away from the field on one particularly rugged lap in the Pyrenees, riding solo over three peaks and beating his nearest competitor by eight minutes. This year, on the grueling, 120-mile leg from Lake Geneva across the Alps to Grenoble, 20 riders kept pace with Merckx to the foot of the first mountain. Four peaks later, Eddy emerged alone at the summit of the final, 4,200-ft. climb. Then, as he hurtled down the twisting mountain road at 50 m.p.h., he calmly took a wrench from his pocket and adjusted the seat of his bike. Whirling into the Grenoble stadium, he circled the track and still had time to complete a leisurely ceremonial lap before his closest competitor hove into view.

Cellar-Cured Tires. This year's Tour victory was worth \$10,000, which Eddy gave away to his teammates and to charity. He could afford to. His other purses, plus endorsements, will bring his income close to \$375,000 this year. But money is the least of it—or so he insists. Unlike most racers, Merckx did not take up the sport to escape from poverty. The son of a well-to-do Brussels grocer, Eddy says simply: "I pedal because I love to ride a bike." He was barely 19 in 1964, when he won the world amateur championship. After turning pro, he won his first big race, the Milan-San Remo in 1966. The following year, he became world professional champion; since then, he has won every major race on the Continent.

Tall and lean (5 ft. 11 in., 165 lbs.), Eddy estimates that he pedals some 21,000 miles during the nine-month season. He starts training each year with a modest 30- to 40-mile daily practice, soon works up to 90 to 125 miles a day. A perfectionist, he "cures" his tires by storing them for three years in a cool, dry cellar. His bikes are like nothing ever seen in the local sports shop: an 18½-lb. model with ten speeds for the sprints, a more rugged 22-lb. version with twelve speeds for the mountains.

At 25, Eddy thinks that he can keep going for another four or five years. Then he intends to retire. "I don't want to quit when I'm going downhill but when I'm at the top," he says. Until he does, what are his rivals to do? One French sportswriter had a suggestion: he would like to see Eddy carry a 30-lb. pack on his back as a permanent handicap.

Power to Pedestrians

Rarely have cities avoided congestion; even ancient Rome was jammed with chariots and oxcarts. Yet today the world's cities are being drastically reshaped by the automobile, that super-congestor and enemy of pedestrians. The car has thrust high-speed freeways through downtown areas; it has squeezed city dwellers onto narrow sidewalks and into motorized suburbs. Worst of all, 60% of urban smog is caused by motor-vehicle exhaust.

All the same, autos need not destroy cities—as evidenced by a new revival of car-free malls, which could conceivably return the streets to the people. In cities like New York and Tokyo, experiments have already dramatically reduced air pollution in downtown areas.



CARD GAME ON FIFTH AVENUE
Also, baby carriages and musicians.

to say nothing of making streets pleasant places for walkers.

Lure for Shoppers. The first big U.S. city to try banning the auto was New York. As part of the city's observance of Earth Day last April, Mayor John Lindsay decreed that portions of Fifth Avenue and 14th Street be closed to vehicular traffic for the day. The idea was so popular that Fifth Avenue was closed on four successive Saturdays in July. Two weeks ago the ban was extended to eight streets, which will be closed this month or in September.

Apprehensive at first, many New York merchants now support the ban. For one thing, a survey conducted by New York's Department of Commerce and Industry found that 77% of the strollers along Fifth Avenue stopped to shop on car-free days. For another, the festive spirit and

near absence of smog apparently enticed more shoppers into mid-Manhattan. Suddenly the avenue was full of baby carriages, bicyclists, street musicians and smiling couples, all reveling in the car-free quiet and safety of what had become a wall-to-wall sidewalk.

Tokyo followed New York's lead, and with good reason. During a five-day stretch last month, the world's largest city was nearly asphyxiated when exhaust fumes from its 2,000,000 cars were trapped overhead by a temperature inversion (TIME, Aug. 10). Autos were first kept away from Ginza Street, the famed half-mile-long business thoroughfare, plus three other shopping areas. Later the ban was extended to 122 of the city's busy streets.

Buddhists and Bikinis. The advent of Tokyo's *hodosha tengoku* ("pedestrians' paradise") touched off a fierce sales battle to lure customers into shops. One store on the Ginza offered to decorate the street with 3,000 potted petunias. Another used bikini-clad girls to dispense 10,000 servings of ice cream to passers-by. While the streets were enlivened by antiwar protesters, beggars and robed Buddhist monks, news cameramen recorded the scene from helicopters whirling about in the suddenly clear blue skies. At street level, concentrations of lethal carbon monoxide dropped from 10.5 parts per million to 2.3.

The logistics of converting streets into urban malls have been most efficiently worked out by the Germans. In West Germany, as in much of Europe, some city streets follow the meandering paths that cows once took on their way to market. As a result, these streets are exactly two cows wide—one cow each way. The solution has been to turn the streets into permanent *Fussgängerstrassen*, or "pedestrian streets," by closing them to automotive traffic. About 30 German cities now have pedestrian streets in operation or in planning.

Stopgap Remedy. In similar fashion Italy has taken belated action against the mass traffic jams that increasingly choke the beautiful piazzas of Rome, Florence, Genoa and other cities. Ignoring the complaints of some businessmen, Rome's traffic commissioners have established seven "pedestrian islands" in historic locations like the Trevi Fountain and the Piazza Santa Maria in Trastevere. In these areas all motorized traffic is banned, and drivers must leave their cars on side streets. Shops, restaurants and cafés can load and unload trucks between 8 a.m. and 10 a.m., and 4 p.m. and 5 p.m. Most citizens are delighted: they can actually stroll safely about their famous squares for the first time in years.

Despite all this, instant pedestrian malls are only a stopgap remedy. Says Victor Gruen, architect of the air-conditioned Midtown Plaza in Rochester, N.Y.: "Unless creation of a pedestrian



GINZA BEFORE TRAFFIC BAN

mall is only one element of thorough and comprehensive downtown renewal planning, it will not solve problems but merely displace them." Without the addition of parking areas and bypassing roadways, vehicles banned from the inner city will just pile up on side streets.

Bowie Bans the Bottle

Let others bemoan the container-cluttered American landscape. The people of Bowie, Md., want action. As a result, the Bowie city council has recently enacted an ordinance banning the sale of nonreturnable and nondisposable containers within city limits. The first local ordinance of its kind in the U.S., the Bowie law imposes fines of up to \$100 a day and sentences of up to 30 days in jail—or both—on anyone found guilty of selling "illegal" containers after April 1, 1971.

STROLLERS ON TOKYO'S GINZA



Apart from its local merchants, who are not exactly ecstatic, Bowie (pop. 40,000) is genuinely convinced that the fever of Earth Day can burn all year. Some people in the container industry agree. Reynolds Metals Co., for example, is offering \$200 a ton for discarded aluminum cans in the Los Angeles and Miami areas, and the Glass Container Manufacturers Institute, which represents most of the country's major glass-makers, has launched a nationwide campaign to buy back discarded bottles at a penny a pound.

Even without such good vibrations, Bowie's bottle banners are hopeful that their scheme will work. Says a former city councilman, Sherman Funk: "Let it be known in the future that in the city of Bowie, the city of man came to grips with its environment."

The Nixon View

Flanked by some of his top aides, Richard Nixon last week unveiled what he called a "historic" document: the first annual report of the President's Council on Environmental Quality. What emerged from the three-month labor was basically a replay of familiar environmental concerns.

The report described air, water and thermal pollution, discussed population growth, and recommended that the Government establish a national land-use policy geared to population expansion. Among other recommendations: industries should be taxed to pay for pollution controls, but the main cost of depolluting the nation should be borne by the consumer.

Environmentalists praised Nixon and Council Chairman Russell Train* for presenting laymen with a concise and informative primer that will doubtless keep environmental concerns alive on Capitol Hill. But in the most important area—specific action and enforcement—the report seemed to founder in merely hortatory language.

For example, the council urged "continued research to determine the effects of low-level doses of radiation." But research by whom? As for air pollution, the report was almost baffling. It called for "evaluating" current procedures for auto emission controls and "incentives" (not named) to get industry on the right track, but offered no details.

Despite its drawbacks, the report is still a significant leap forward from the somewhat coy "beautification" slogan espoused by the Johnson Administration. It is not without its innovative moments. It recommends, for example, that a single river basin be set aside for study of advanced concepts in water-quality management. The report also advocates a national policy to preserve existing energy resources and develop new ones over a long-term period.

* Whose fellow council members are Robert Cahn, Washington correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*, and Gordon J.F. MacDonald, a geophysicist at the University of California at Santa Barbara.

In Japan, which is overwhelmed by environmental woes, the Nixon stand was warmly praised. Said Tokyo's *Daily Yomiuri* last week: "Nixon's war on pollution is probably the first time in world history that such conscious and systematic thinking has been directed at protecting the environment. Compared with the strong and decisive stand by the American government, our government emerges as weak and compromising."

A New Right to Sue Polluters

Many a private citizen yearns to sue the perpetrator of a public nuisance, only to find that he must show a direct personal injury to himself or his property.

If a paper plant fouls a town stream, a sport fisherman has scant chance of getting a court to halt the pollution. The judge is likely to rule that some government agency should do the suing—provided that it wants to. Even when a citizen is allowed to sue, the burden of proof is on him to show that a polluter has the technical capacity to stop polluting without damaging his own economic interests.

All these rules are aimed at keeping courts from being deluged with frivolous lawsuits. But several recent court decisions have made it easier for conservation groups to sue polluters. None, however, go as far as a remarkable Michigan law recently signed by Governor William G. Milliken. The law puts every Michigan citizen on a legal par with the state's attorney general in environmental cases. In so doing, it achieves three key reforms:

- ▶ Any private citizen may sue against a public nuisance on behalf of the general population, whether or not the nuisance affects him personally.
- ▶ Michigan courts will no longer defer to governmental actions, thus giving all citizens a new legal right to raise environmental issues. Any individual can challenge lax state agencies as well as polluting industries.
- ▶ The burden of proof is on the defendant to show that the alleged pollution is unavoidable. Since big polluters usually have more money and technical knowledge than individual plaintiffs, environmental suits will not be hindered for economic reasons in Michigan.

Needed Precedents. The state law of its kind in the U.S., the Michigan statute could inspire a flurry of odd-ball suits. If a Detroit resident dislikes auto pollution, for example, he might well ask a court to ban all downtown traffic. Even so, the bill's chief drafter, University of Michigan Law Professor Joseph L. Sax, is sure that courts will accept only rational suits, and gradually create a much needed body of environmental test cases. Versions of the Michigan law are now being weighed by legislators in Colorado, New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Tennessee and the U.S. Congress.

THE PRESS

Catalogue of Caveats

Who but Ralph Nader would liken a pickup truck carrying a camper box around a tight turn to a circus elephant with one leg raised? Or another pickup in an S-turn to a round-bottomed dinghy during a squall? Who at the same time would warn that baby shampoos, their ads notwithstanding, will probably sting the eyes of some infants? Or declare that the most persistent cheating at supermarket meat counters is plain, old-fashioned short-weighting?

Who else but *Consumer Reports*, a monthly magazine that has been cataloguing caveats for shoppers since be-

above the national median. In sum, *CR* has many of the attributes of an attractive advertising medium. Yet it refuses all ads. "We feel that it would compromise our relationship with manufacturers," explains Robert L. Smith, assistant director of Consumers Union. "We never know what we are going to tackle next, and we don't want to feel restricted in any way."

CR is equally insistent that ads appearing elsewhere do not use the magazine's reports to endorse a product. "Credibility is our biggest asset," affirms Smith. "Endorsements make the public skeptical. They think something is going on under the table. With the present system, the public has a feeling

Some manufacturers make the most of a bad rating in *CR* by correcting reported faults. Some sue (none ever successfully) or try to counter *CR* in other ways. When *CR* judged an electric toothbrush dangerous if dropped in water, its irate manufacturer challenged *CR* to let him brush his teeth while standing in a tub. *CR* refused the gambit, and the toothbrush was improved.

Income Procurement. To test toothbrushes, trucks and some 2,000 other items a year, Consumers Union relies almost entirely on its own staff of 300, which includes 50 engineers. Merchandise is bought anonymously on the open market by shoppers stationed across the country and then shipped to CU's headquarters in Mount Vernon, N.Y. Automobiles are tested at a branch division near Lime Rock, Conn., but appliances, textiles, food, electronic goods and a category labeled "special projects" (odd items like flashlights, electric scissors, bicycles) have separate laboratories at the Mount Vernon operation. An engineer determines what tests will be needed and then supervises them. His exhaustive report is condensed by a writer for use in *CR* and then given a final check by the engineer. Most used merchandise is auctioned off to employees.

The editorial director of *CR* is Donald Dinwiddie, a former editor of *Popular Mechanics*. But its major influence has always been CU's first and only president, Colston Warne. Now 70, Warne also helped found the International Organization of Consumers Unions (47 affiliates in 30 countries), has served on the consumer advisory council to the President, and, until recently, was a professor of economics at Amherst. Virtually all of the annual budget of \$10 million comes from sales of *CR* (60¢ on newsstands) and occasional books on consumer topics. Most of the revenue is turned back into more product testing. But this year \$3,000,000 will be spent on what Consumers Union, in an uncharacteristic echo of Madison Avenue euphemism, calls "income procurement." That means promotion to sell more copies of the magazine.

Grandmothers Die Hard

From a directive issued to the Washington Post staff by Executive Editor Ben Bradlee on June 3: "It is the policy of the Washington Post to make the equality and dignity of women completely and instinctively meaningful. . . Words like 'divorcee,' 'grandmother,' 'blonde' (or 'brunette') or 'housewife' should be avoided in all stories where, if a man were involved, the words 'divorcee,' 'grandfather,' 'blond' or 'householder' would be inapplicable. In other words, they should be avoided."

From a Page One story in the Post on August 6: "Lenore Romney . . . emerged today as the Michigan Republican Party's U.S. Senate nominee . . . Mrs. Romney, a 60-year-old grandmother making her first bid for elected public office. . ."



WHITE-HAIRED WARNE WITH SMITH IN APPLIANCE LABORATORY
Since before Nader was in kiddie cars.

fore Nader was old enough to lose control of a defective kiddie car. Not that there is any rivalry between Nader and *CR*. He is now, in fact, a director of the magazine's parent corporation, the nonprofit Consumers Union of U.S., Inc. The publicity accorded Nader's personal crusades, plus the general rise in consumerism, has no doubt contributed to *CR*'s surging popularity. Founded along with Consumers Union in 1936, *CR* took 30 years to reach a circulation of 1,000,000. In the past four years, sales have soared to 1,870,000.

Word of Mouth. *CR* is frequently passed around or filed for reference in home and office libraries. It even pops up in physicians' waiting rooms, though last year it concluded a guide to choosing a family doctor by noting that "no procedure will assure you of first-class medical care."

Its contents also enjoy widespread word-of-mouth circulation by its readers, whose income and education are well

that a rating has been earned, not bought." Nevertheless, some manufacturers occasionally try to cash in on a favorable *CR* rating. *CR* always takes court action to stop them. It is currently battling the Theodore Hamm Brewing Co. of Minnesota over the use of *CR*'s name in its beer ads.

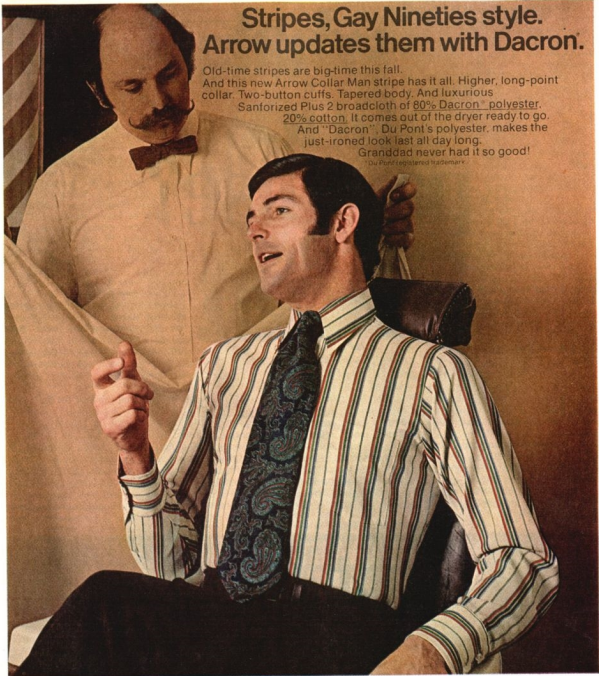
Dangerous Toothbrush. Much of the time, *CR*'s evaluations are the kind that manufacturers would prefer not to read anywhere. Automobiles often take a buffeting. *CR*'s August issue reports several safety deficiencies in four pickup trucks tested for use with camper boxes and suggests that it would be better to pack a tent in the trunk of a car.

Drugstore items are also common sufferers. Over the years *CR* has affirmed: Aspirins are all much the same, so there is no advantage in buying higher-priced brands; most cold remedies are a waste of money; mouthwashes have a short-lived effect on bacteria; nose drops can be dangerous to children.

Stripes, Gay Nineties style. Arrow updates them with Dacron.

Old-time stripes are big-time this fall.
And this new Arrow Collar Man stripe has it all. Higher, long-point collar. Two-button cuffs. Tapered body. And luxurious Sanforized Plus 2 broadcloth of 80% Dacron[®] polyester, 20% cotton. It comes out of the dryer ready to go. And "Dacron". Du Pont's polyester, makes the just-ironed look last all day long.
Granddad never had it so good!

Du Pont registered trademark



Choose (1) red/green/blue stripes on ecru ground or (2) blue/brown/cognac stripes on ecru ground. Neck sizes 14½ to 17. *11

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what price paradise?

try \$20.

There's an exciting new luxury hotel opening mid-August on the shores of Hawaii's historic Keauhou Bay. Paradise? You may decide that's an understatement.

The setting is uniquely beautiful, even for Hawaii. Keauhou Bay is where the kings and aliis of ancient Hawaii spent their vacations, so you can see it comes highly recommended. Throughout the area, you'll find countless heiaus (temples) and other reminders of the island's proud heritage.

Today, the 18-hole championship Keauhou Golf Course is just a putt away from the hotel. After a morning of great golf, revel in the sun-warmed Pacific or the hotel's attractive pool. Twin tennis courts, exercise gym and saunas are at

your disposal. Charter boats are available for some of the world's sportiest deep-sea fishing off the Kona Coast. Tour the famous Kona coffee plantations; browse through the shops at Kailua; explore ancient Kealahou Bay. **Because meals should be memorable**, the Hotel features two superb dining spots: the main dining room and the Kona Coffee Mill. Plus a unique gourmet pantry with a world of exotic imported treats to choose from for picnics or snacks. The main dining room bar and

dance floor overlook what is possibly the most extraordinary marine vista in Hawaii.

Nor have conventions been overlooked. In addition to 318 spacious, air-conditioned rooms, Keauhou Beach Hotel has three fully equipped meeting rooms to accommodate total groups of up to 1000 delegates.

But we've saved the best for last. Rates in the Keauhou Beach Hotel range from as low as \$20 for an attractive double room to only \$70 for the four-person Keauhou Suite. That's Paradise. For information or reservations, contact your travel agent or Island Holidays' offices in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Chicago or New York. Or write to P.O. Box 8519, Honolulu, Hawaii 96815.

OPENING AUGUST, 1970



**HAWAII'S NEW
KEAUHOU BEACH HOTEL**
(KAY-AH-HO)

Island Holidays Resorts an *Amfac* company

SCIENCE

The Flying Railroad

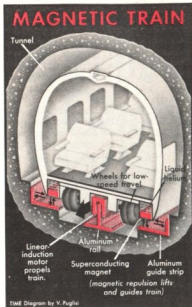
The sleek, bullet-nosed vehicle looks like something off a rocket designer's drawing board. But the shape of the futuristic train is highly functional. As it quickly and quietly gathers speed, it will actually begin to "fly." The streamlined cars will hurtle forward just above the ground at speeds of 300 m.p.h. or more. For the 1,000 passengers on board, the trip will be strikingly smooth and vibrationless.

The Japanese will probably be the first to enjoy so easy a ride. One of the more exciting technological exhibits at Expo 70 is a scale model of just such a train; and the Japanese National Railways hopes to put its new "Super-Super Express" in service for the 310-mile ride between Tokyo and Osaka by 1980. Controlled entirely by computers, it will easily eclipse Japan's Tokaido super express, which, at 130 m.p.h., is now the world's fastest scheduled train.

Idea's Beauty. The secret of the swift, silent ride is simple magnetism. Even before World War I, a farsighted French inventor, Emile Bachelet, demonstrated the feasibility of lifting railroad cars slightly off the track and propelling them forward with strong electromagnetic forces. The beauty of Bachelet's idea was that it virtually eliminated rail friction. But the technology of that day was unable to produce sufficient electricity at a low enough cost.

Modern research has now overcome that obstacle with powerful new electromagnets. Chilled to -450°F . by a jacket of liquid helium, their coils become superconductive. As the temperature approaches absolute zero (-459.7°F .), internal resistance to electrical currents virtually disappears. Even a slight pulse of electricity will keep currents flowing in the coils for indefinite lengths of time. Except for the electricity needed to refrigerate the helium, strong magnetic fields could thus be created in superconductors with a minimal use of power.

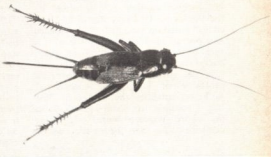
The Japanese are not the only ones working on such a train. In a similar design proposed by Stanford Research Institute at Menlo Park, Calif., the magnet's train rides on a concrete pathway about twelve feet wide. Ordinary rails have been replaced by two L-shaped aluminum guide strips (see diagram). As the train's speed increases, the magnets on the underside of the cars act like the moving armatures of an electrical generator, causing currents to flow in the aluminum strips. These currents, in turn, build magnetic fields of their own. Just as like poles of ordinary horseshoe magnets repel each other, so do the train's superconductive magnets repel their magnetic "mirror images" in the aluminum strips. In this way the train can be lifted as much as a foot off the ground. If the train drifts slightly to one side, as it will on a curve, the re-



pelting magnetic forces on that side of the pathway will become even stronger, thereby edging the train back to its proper position.

Lift-Off. Nicknamed "Maglev" (for magnetic levitation) by the Stanford engineers, the train could use any number of propulsion systems: propellers, jet engines or even rocket motors. But both Japanese and American designers favor linear induction motors. These are similar to conventional electric motors, but they have, in effect, been flattened out. Part of the undercarriage of the train acts as the motor's fixed coils, while a vertical guide rail in the center of the pathway takes the place of its spinning rotor. When enough electrical power is fed into the system, the train begins to move forward. Like an airplane, the train needs old-fashioned wheels for low-speed travel until it reaches "lift-off" at about 50 m.p.h.

The design of the magnetic train has been worked out in considerable detail;



JIMINY IN "PINOCCHIO" & HIS REAL-LIFE COUSIN, THE FIELD CRICKET
To hail, beguile and protect.

the greatest hurdle to actual production is money. One rough estimate is that the Super-Super Express will cost the Japanese at least \$3.5 billion. The U.S. Government, for its part, has not made any commitment to such an expensive scheme. But the California researchers are hopeful that they will eventually get funds from Washington. They have already decorated their office walls with a poster that reads, MAGLEV, NOT WAR.

Why the Cricket Chirps

These are the days when the songs of the cricket and the cicada are heard in the land. Appropriately enough, American and British scientists have published some arresting studies of the motivations of the noisy insects.

Cicadas, long known to buzz to attract mates, also make loud noises to discourage birds from eating them while they are mating, reports Princeton Psychologist James Simmons. Several thousand cicadas encountered in a tree near Princeton produced a volume of 80 to 100 decibels when measured from 60 feet away—a noise equivalent to a jackhammer or a screeching subway. Such a sound, Simmons says, could damage the eardrums of a curious mammal and pain the sensitive hearing of a cicada-eating bird.

Mole crickets, so named because they dig underground burrows, also make loud noises with amorous intent, says British Zoologist H.C. Bennet-Clark. In fact, they make their burrows in the shape of double-horned acoustic amplifiers to concentrate and focus their sirens sounds for maximum effect in attracting females. They produce the noise by rubbing a toothed vein on one forewing with a pluck on the other. University of Florida Entomologist Thomas J. Walker explains that male field crickets produce three identifiable songs: one to hail a likely lover, another to beguile one already enthralled, and a third to warn off a potential rival. The kind of sound a cricket makes depends on the species, the air temperature and the circumstances in which the individual insect finds himself. There is no telling what loud sounds of pain or pleasure a cricket might make if he found himself decked out like Walt Disney's Jiminy.

BEHAVIOR

The Golden Leap

For a dime and a four-second drop, he attains momentary fame. The coin goes into the pedestrian turnstile on San Francisco's Golden Gate, at 4,200 ft. the second longest single-span suspension bridge in the world.^{*} Since the west side is closed to foot traffic, he walks along the bridge's east flank, ignoring a magnificent view of the city. Having reached the center span, he climbs without hesitation over the waist-high guard rail and—again without hesitation—jumps. Even if he hits feet first

suicide rate of 38.2 per 100,000 is about twice that of the state of California, and more than three times the national rate. The claim may be accurate, but the Golden Gate is one of the few major U.S. spans that keeps a body count. For unfathomable reasons, New York City does not classify its suicides, and bridge jumpers are listed merely as "accidents."

With help from the California Highway Patrol and bridge authorities, Berkeley's Seiden now knows enough about the Golden Gate jumper to rough in his profile. Typically, he is a man



STEELWORKERS FRUSTRATING ATTEMPTED SUICIDE IN SAN FRANCISCO
The thing to do and the place to do it.

after a 250-ft. descent, the impact velocity of about 85 m.p.h. is likely to drive both legs up into his body, shattering his pelvis. Shocked and immobilized, he soon drowns in the numbing waters of the bay.

No. 1 Site. In the 33 years since the Golden Gate stitched San Francisco to Marin County, 391 people have leaped from it to their deaths. (Five others, all in their resilient youth, survived to tell about it.) The figure does not include another 129 recorded by the California Highway Patrol as "possibles" based on circumstantial evidence—a pile of clothing left by the rail, a farewell message left behind, an abandoned car. But even the official toll, says Dr. Richard H. Seiden, associate professor of behavioral sciences at Berkeley, qualifies the bridge as "the No. 1 location for death by suicide in the entire Western world"—a fitting distinction for San Francisco, whose

(three out of four jumpers) in his 40s, and a Bay Area resident. Experience has taught observers to rule out the pedestrian who climbs a cable and poises irresolutely before the swan dive. Such behavior usually describes the "pseudo suicide," who does not really mean business; he can be coaxed, if necessary, to climb down.

Making Suicide Easy. But why the Golden Gate Bridge? Because, says Seiden, the jump from that impressive span has considerable publicity value: "The newspapers keep a running box score on the number. It is a very dramatic way to die if a person doesn't want to end up in the classifieds." Adds Dr. Edwin S. Shneidman, former chief of the Center for Studies of Suicide Prevention at the National Institute of Mental Health: "One jumps from a place which has a reputation. It is *the* thing to do and *the* place to do it."

Moreover, the bridge authorities make it easy for the jumper. Roving uniformed patrols peel an occasional eye for prospects. But, principally for aes-

thetic reasons, the kind of barrier that radically reduced leaps from Manhattan's Empire State Building, for instance, has never blighted the beauty of the Golden Gate. This horrifies Shneidman, who has prodded the Golden Gate Bridge Highway and Transportation District, the agency responsible, to withdraw its invitation to suicide. He rejects the board's argument that if it stops the bridge jumper, he will only go somewhere else to take his life.

"If a person cannot commit suicide when and where he wants in an impulsive moment," says Shneidman, "he might just say the hell with it." At a meeting last week, the board accepted Shneidman's proposal to consider installing a physical barrier against would-be jumpers.

Is Incest Really Dull?

"The first choice of object in mankind," Freud believed, "is regularly an incestuous one." Sir James Frazer, the British anthropologist, also explained the almost universal ban on incest as a necessary safeguard against man's urge to mate with the most available partner: "The law only forbids men to do what their instincts incline them to do." For years, most scientists discounted a contrary suggestion by Finnish Anthropologist Edward Westermarck that close childhood association discourages erotic feeling.

More recently, Westermarck's theory has been gaining ground. Observation of kibbutz life in Israel indicates that the sibling-like relationship in which boys and girls are reared leads to virtually no pairing-off later. Now a detailed study of old marital customs and problems among Taiwanese villagers, long since superseded, lends further credence to Westermarck's belief that brother and sister have little sex appeal for each other.

Tatami Mates. In a study of parentally arranged marriages near Shulin, Taiwan, Stanford Anthropologist Arthur P. Wolf found two distinct patterns of premarital behavior. In the so-called major form of marriage, which the villagers considered proper, the future partners had little or no contact as children, and the bride did not enter her husband's home until the marriage actually took place. In the minor system, which was considered less proper, the girl was taken to the prospective husband's household as an infant or young child, and they were reared as brother and sister until old enough to marry. They ate together, played together, bathed together and, until the age of seven or eight, slept on the same tatami platform.

Using interviews and government household registration records, Wolf studied 303 marriages between 1900 and 1925, a stable period on Taiwan, when the proportion of major and minor marriages remained roughly constant. His findings: minor marriages, with

^{*} Longest: the Verrazano Narrows, completed in 1964, which stretches 4,260 ft. from Brooklyn to Staten Island.

partners brought up together, produced more adultery, more divorces and fewer children than major marriages. This indicated to Wolf that the long years of proximity stifled rather than stimulated sexual desire.

Runaway Newlyweds. Thirty-two of the 132 minor marriages ended in divorce or separation, compared with only two of the 171 major marriages. In those minor marriages that did not break up, adultery was relatively common. Extramarital affairs were far fewer in major marriages. "The sharp difference," says Wolf, "suggests a need for extramarital sexual gratification on the part of women who marry a childhood associate. That this is due to a distaste for sexual re-

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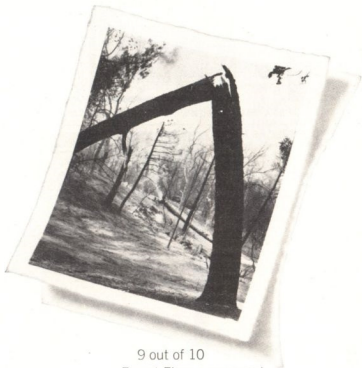
19TH CENTURY CHINESE MARRIAGE
Earlier union, earlier divorce.

lations with their husbands is evident." The aversion also worked on minor-marriage husbands, who were more likely than others to keep mistresses or patronize prostitutes.

Much of the passion of those involved in minor marriages was expended on avoiding sexual relations with their spouses. One girl was so repelled that she fed her husband a potion made from pomegranate roots; it was said to have made him impotent. Then she proceeded to demonstrate her appetite by sleeping around with dozens of other men. Sometimes "brother-sister" newlyweds have tried to escape their fate. Reports Wolf: "One old man told me that he had to stand outside the door of their room with a stick to keep the newlyweds from running away." Despite the strong Oriental concern with ensuring descendants, villagers believed that twelve of the couples had never consummated their marriages. In all twelve cases, husband and wife had been reared together.

Wolf concluded that the incest taboo is not a response to the needs of the

Nature made it in living color. Carelessness made it black and white.



9 out of 10

Forest Fires are caused
by people who are
careless with matches,
with smokes, with campfires.
Don't you be careless.

Remember . . . only you
can prevent forest fires.



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It's how the
Brrrr-r-ish
keep their
gin up!**

Brr-r-r!



Take a tip from the cool-headed English. Fight the swelter of summer with icy smooth, crackling dry Gordon's. (After all, it's how they fought the vivid sun in India for all those many years!) Mr. Gordon's brilliant formula has kept Gordon-ites in the cold for over 200 summers. No wonder it's the biggest seller in England, America, the rest of the well-refreshed world. It's a tonic. Or a Collins. Or a Martini. Or a Sour. Or a...

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There's an exclusive medication which actually helps shrink painful swelling of hemorrhoidal tissues caused by inflammation. And in many cases it gives prompt relief for hours from rectal itching and pain in such tissues.

Tests by doctors on patients showed

while it gently relieved such pain, actual reduction of these swollen tissues took place.

The medication used in the tests was Preparation H®. No prescription is needed for Preparation H. In ointment or suppository form.

social order, but an expression of private motives. In short, too much togetherness, in childhood and adolescence, can prevent the companionship from ripening into conjugal love.

Relief for the Stutterer

Some 2,000,000 Americans suffer from the same speech impediment that tripped the distinguished tongues of Demosthenes, Aesop, Aristotle, Virgil and Winston Churchill. Demosthenes, so the story goes, cured himself of stuttering by stuffing his mouth with pebbles and competing with the roar of the surf. He may have had something. A Detroit physician, Dr. Marvin E. Klein, 33, reports remarkable results with an instrument that fills the stutterer's ears with the sound of a waterfall whenever he opens his mouth.

Bedtime Story. The Klein "speech rectifier" includes a tiny microphone that is worn over the larynx. Activated by the wearer's voice, the mike turns on a pocket-size generator that transmits the sound of gently rushing water to receivers plugged into the ears. While he is speaking, the wearer hears the waterfall, which muffles the full range of his voice. As soon as he stops speaking, the device automatically turns off.

Though not yet ready for production, the rectifier has demonstrated its effectiveness in laboratory tests. In one instance, a father was able to read his children a bedtime story for the first time in his life. In another, a young man who could not utter a single intelligible word in a five-minute reading test donned the rectifier and read for five minutes with only 26 speech blocks.

Why voice masking helps the stutterer is as much a mystery as the causes of stuttering itself. Until the sixth year, all children stutter to some extent, repeating themselves an average of 45 times in every 1,000 words. The tolerant parent either smiles indulgently at these apprentice mistakes or else takes no notice of them. Occasionally, however, the child is repeatedly commanded to talk straight. Some experts theorize that misguided attempts at discipline make the stutterer.

Seething Anger. According to another theory, the impediment is a symptom of buried hostility. Says Psychologist Murry Snyder, executive director of New York City's Speech Rehabilitation Institute: "Underneath the cloak of inhibition and mild manner, the stutterer often seethes with anger." In support of this theory, he and others note that the stutterer can be fluent, and usually is, in circumstances that do not require him to communicate his own feelings: when he is an actor, for example, delivering someone else's words to an audience of strangers.

Stuttering is difficult to overcome. Leading speech centers claim only a 25% cure rate; another 50% of the patients show some improvement, but the others are not helped at all. Klein's device may help improve these statistics.

What to look for when you're looking for a new home.

A new home can be the best investment you'll ever make.

Especially if you've carefully considered what gives it long-term value. Like the materials it's built out of.

We think the best thing to build a house out of is wood.

Take your windows, for example.

If they're warm wood instead of cold metal, they'll insulate much better against the cold of winter and the heat of summer.

What wood windows won't do is condense water and drip it on

your sills, drapes and walls.

Take your floors. If they're finished hardwood throughout, you'll save a lot of money in the long run.

Because a hardwood floor will last the lifetime of your house.

And hardwood floors are so strong and comfortable. Especially when they're laid on wood subflooring. New long lasting finishes also make them easy to keep looking beautiful. Just an occasional waxing does it.

Then there's wood paneling. And a story that's much the same.

Wood paneling isn't only warm and beautiful.

It's practical, too. It's easy to clean. And ends the headache of repainting walls forever.

With wood paneling, you have dozens of different woods to choose from. Rough sawn or smooth. Plain or patterned. All of which come in so many different grains, finishes,

textures and tones.

Beauty and value. Wood gives you both. Like no other material can.

No wonder it's used so much inside the home. For floors, paneling, decorative mouldings and exposed structural framing.

And so much outside the home. For siding, roofing, decks and windows.

All this is by way of an introduction. To find out a lot more send for our House-Hunter's Guide (with free mortgage calculator). Or our Home Improvement Guide. Each is a storehouse of information and comes with a free guide to wood products.

When you're making the biggest investment of your life, you need all the facts you can get.

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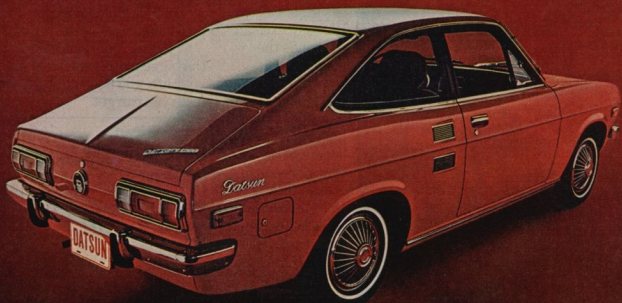
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The new Datsun 1200's are really something

Strong as a bank vault and looking saucy, there's a big sedan luxury here. All vinyl bucket seats, locking gas cap, padded sunvisors, armrests, steering wheel lock, the works—all standard. And all wrapped up in a steel unibody for solid protection.

Li'l Something DATSUN 1200 SEDAN \$1736*

The Li'l Something's got big ideas about room. Its interior is man-sized for Americans.

We simply took the "ugly" out of economy and put the performance in. The Li'l Something's new 69 horsepower high-cam engine moves you out from 0 to 60 in under 15 seconds. Plenty of go. And plenty of stop with the safer, surer braking power of front disc brakes. Up to 30 miles to the gallon too.

Want both hard-dollar economy and hang-the-expense comfort? Then do yourself a small favor. Get the Li'l Something—our lowest priced 2-Door Sedan.

Agile, tough, handsome. Its sleek shape is action-styled like its big brother—the 240-Z. In fact, the Something Special handles a lot like our exciting GT.

Flick through the gears with professional authority thanks to its all synchro-transmission. Zoom to 60 in just 14.8 seconds. Turn around in just 27 feet. Front disc brakes call the quickest halt with the greatest margin of safety.

Something Special DATSUN 1200 COUPE \$1866*

The Something Special's slip-stream silhouette is as much functional as fashionable. Wind tunnel tests proved its stubborn resistance to strong side winds.

Versatile. Front bucket seats recline practically prone. The back seat folds neatly down for extra-carrying space. And the flip-top trunk allows convenient access from the rear.

Hop-skip commuting or cruising cross country, this new Datsun coupe is something special for just about everybody.

See the new Datsun 1200's now at any of the over 1,000 Datsun dealers in the U.S. and Canada.

Drive a Datsun, then decide.

DATSUN 

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A Lynchburg resident defines a general store as a store that has a little bit of everything, but not much of any one thing. Our manager takes a small exception to the latter. If he advertises an item, he's got stock to take care of any one who answers his advertisement. So you need never fear that your order will go unnoticed at the Lynchburg Hardware & General Store.



Jack Daniel's Centennial Glasses

Nowhere else anywhere can you find these handsome glasses. They were made up to commemorate the founding of the Jack Daniel's Distillery, and they do it just fine. Each

glass holds 12 ounces, made of clear glass with raised black and gold-color letters, baked on so they won't come off, no matter what. \$6.00 for the set of six. Postpaid.

Tennessee Walking Stick

Made from natural growth saplings which have been wrapped by nature with vines. Naturally, no two sticks are alike in shape or size. They come in lengths anywhere from 34 to 37 inches. If you're unusually short or tall, let us know and we'll send you a short or a tall stick. \$10.00 Postpaid. Allow three weeks.

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O to have been brought up on bays, lagoons, creeks, or along the coast.

—Walt Whitman

The sea has always been an intoxicating experience for the artist. Tranquil and turbulent, uncontrollable and cruel, the ocean eludes him in a way that other scenes do not. Landscapes are firm and familiar; still lifes intimate. Portraits, by their very nature, are personal. But the seascape must represent the aloof and detached ocean, and it is this defiant refusal to bend to man's control that has driven painters to conquer the sea on canvas. In a refreshing summertime exhibit, the Newark Museum has mounted two dozen

and coasts. Brought to America in 1794 when he was only fifteen, Birch settled in Philadelphia and immediately went to work with his father, an accomplished engraver and painter of enamels. Although he was never a sailor, Birch had a profound feeling for the structure and beauty of ships. In a *View of the Harbor of Philadelphia from the Delaware River*, Birch shows that he understood even better the element they travel in. Although his seascapes varied—some being stormy and violent—this harbor view is marked by a luminous sky and glassy, placid water.

One of the highlights of the Newark show is Monet's relatively unknown *Cahane de Douanier à Pourville*, painted in 1882. Faithful to his impressionistic concern with light and color, Monet

NEWARK MUSEUM COLLECTION



THOMAS BIRCH'S "HARBOR OF PHILADELPHIA"
The beauty of boats and the moods of water.

marine paintings that show the various ways in which 19th century artists sensed the waters' many moods.

Perhaps no American artist understood the sea better than Fitz Hugh Lane. His ancestors were among the first to settle in the famous fishing port of Gloucester, Mass., where Lane was born in 1804. Partially paralyzed by a childhood illness, he relied on friends to row him out into the harbor where he could sketch and paint, seeking to grasp the precise feeling of the time of day and the weather in New England. An 1848 harbor scene, *The Fort and Ten Pound Island, Gloucester*, typifies Lane's airy style. The exactitude of his portrayal of the bustling seaport—the clutter of logs, cut boards and barrels surrounding workmen on the quays—is set off by a serene panorama of sailing vessels in the background.

Like Lane, English-born Thomas Birch also delighted in painting harbors

soaks the scene in sunlight. The Mediterranean, glimpsed from a hill, is cool and inviting, spreading out before the eye in a blaze of blue. Except for a few puffs of cloud, the sky is empty. Monet used only bright colors in this painting—reds, blues, greens and yellows—and he painted thin. The effect is purposely misleading: the viewer suspects that underneath the pigment lies not canvas, but porcelain.

Another delight is the work of the neglected American painter, William Trost Richards (1833-1905), whose *Twilight on the New Jersey Coast* might be described as a vision of the archetypal summer sea. Vast and lonely, the painting is devoid of human life. Gently lapping breakers touch the shore, and on the far horizon is a lone ship. On a small patch of beach a gull inspects some flotsam. The ocean is the Atlantic, but it could just as easily be the Indian, the Pacific, or Homer's wine-dark Aegean Sea.

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RELIGION

Toward Martyrdom

The chase had to end soon, and the hunted as well as the hunters knew it. For four months Father Daniel Berrigan, the self-designated "peace criminal," refused to surrender to the "war criminals," as he describes the Government. He had drawn a 34-year jail sentence for his part in destroying Selective Service records, and to him, that penalty was as "illegal" as the Viet Nam War itself.

The fugitive Jesuit gave interviews, wrote articles and even made two public speeches while managing to elude the FBI. Last week Berrigan's luck ran out. Twelve agents, posing as bird watchers, arrested him at the Block Island summer home of William Stringfellow, a lawyer and Episcopal lay theologian, and Anthony Towne, a poet.

Collective Jeopardy. The end of the pursuit raised some of the same questions—moral and law-enforcement—as the original act. In joining a group of protesters to burn draft records at Catonsville, Md., Berrigan clearly broke the law. His defenders argue, however, that others have committed similar acts without being arrested and that the authorities may be singling out the more prominent offenders.

How the Government treats those who aid the perpetrators of illegal acts also raises doubts. In a couple of recent cases, no charges have been lodged. But last week the U.S. Attorney's office in Providence said it was seriously considering action against Stringfellow and Towne. They base their defense on moral rather than legal grounds. They knowingly harbored a convicted felon; indeed, they freely admitted it after Berrigan was taken. But they did so for what seemed to them just and noble motives. Stringfellow seemed undisturbed at the prospect of criminal proceedings. "I suppose," he remarked, "that everybody is in jeopardy nowadays."

Collective jeopardy, in fact, became a favorite Berrigan theme during his underground career, and one that is evoking some response. Just a few days before the capture, more than 300 of Berrigan's supporters gathered in Wilmington, Del. There they proclaimed their "responsibility" for a series of raids on Selective Service and National Guard facilities last June. A statement bearing 320 names was sent to the Justice Department. Eighty clergymen, nuns and brothers and M.I.T. Professor Noam Chomsky were among the signers. Said Chomsky: "We want to create an atmosphere in which direct resistance to the war can be taken."

For lawmen, the statement presented a problem. Clearly some of the self-indicted were innocent. Only a handful were even from Delaware. But it was possible that a few did participate in criminal acts. And again, there were am-



BERRIGAN UNDER ARREST



PROTESTER WASHING FLAG
A community of resistance.

biguities. On the face of it, the "Delaware 300" were bearing false witness—apparently, in part, for the purpose of obstructing law-enforcement agencies. The participants and their sympathizers, of course, see the issue differently. Sister Jogues Egan, a former provincial of the Religious of the Sacred Heart of Mary, and a strong Berrigan supporter, suggested that the Delaware statement was in the spirit of the defiance displayed by Denmark's King Christian in World War II: he wore a yellow Star of David when the Nazis ordered Danish Jews to so identify themselves.

He Lives. For Berrigan there was no question. Addressing the Wilmington rally by means of a taped statement, which proved to be the last before his capture, he praised the participants for joining "a community of peace and decency and life and hope and, the times being what they are, a community of resistance." He made a final exhortation: "Let us do that one thing which in principle and by common and cowardly agreement is forbidden to Americans today—let us be men!"

As he was taken from Rhode Island to the Federal Penitentiary at Danbury, Conn., 150 of Berrigan's followers gathered at the federal courthouse in Manhattan. There they washed the American flag, presumably to cleanse it of the stigma of both the war and Berrigan's imprisonment. A button worn by some of the demonstrators bore the single letter Z (meaning "He lives"), a borrowing from the movie about right-wing repression in Greece (TIME, Aug. 17). However arguable Berrigan's decision to fight as an outlaw, his strategy contains the stuff of martyrdom.

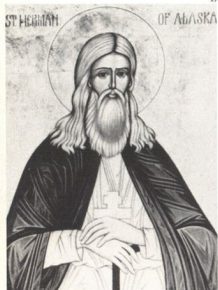
Herman the Wonderworker

According to the legends, he once held back a flood by placing an icon on the beach and declaring that the waters would not go past it. Another time he thwarted a forest fire by similar means. He lived in a cave, wore a deerskin cassock and slept on a wooden bench with bricks for his pillow. As a missionary, he defended the Aleuts against the traders who exploited them. He ran a school and orphanage for the natives, among whom—even in his own lifetime—he was popularly regarded as a saint. Last week the Orthodox Church in America made it official. In richly traditional ceremonies on Kodiak Island in Alaska, "Herman the Wonderworker" was formally canonized.

Herman is the first American saint on the Orthodox calendar. He was also in the first group of Russian Orthodox clergy to come to Alaska in 1794, just two years after the Russian-American Company established a settlement on Kodiak. The canonization ceremonies, accordingly, were lavish: a three-hour liturgy climaxing four days of celebration. Nine Orthodox bishops, in jeweled crowns and brocaded robes, presided. Pilgrims from all over the U.S. jammed the tiny wooden church in Kodiak. At

the end of the nighttime liturgy. St. Herman's wooden coffin was borne out of the church and around it, followed by a long line of worshipers bearing candles.

Competitive Rite. The canonization was the first major act of the Orthodox Church in America since it won official recognition as the legitimate branch of Russian Orthodoxy in the U.S. and Canada. Last spring the 850,000-member church, formerly known as the Metropolia, gained Moscow's grudging approval of its self-governing status and its canonical legitimacy* (TIME, March 16; April 13). Now the canonization gives it international dignity; Finnish and Bulgarian Orthodox churches, for example, promptly accepted St. Herman. Others are expected to follow.



ST. HERMAN OF ALASKA
Holding back the flood.

Not all, however. One bitter rivalry persists, and it produced a second, competitive canonization for St. Herman. The Russian Orthodox Church Outside Russia, a splinter group of anti-Communist persuasion, maintains that the parent Russian Orthodox Church in the Soviet Union—and any churches loyal to it—lost their legitimacy by dealing with the atheistic Soviet government. The leaders of the Church Outside Russia accordingly do not recognize the actions of other Russian Orthodox groups. Thus on the same weekend as the Kodiak ceremonies, New York's Metropolitan Philaret led a glittering procession down Geary Boulevard in San Francisco to the minareted Cathedral of the Holy Virgin, there to confirm with another solemn liturgy that Herman is really a saint.

* A separate "patriarchal exarchate" directly loyal to Moscow has been dissolved. Although the exarchate's parishes in the U.S. have not yet joined the Orthodox Church in America, they are ostensibly at peace with it.

The Pope's Jews

The synagogue stands in the center of Carpentras, its austere stone exterior relieved only by a plaque bearing a laconic message: THIS HOUSE OF PRAYER, BUILT IN 1367, WAS RECONSTRUCTED FROM 1741 TO 1743. Inside, all is ornate—fine old chandeliers, green woodwork, delicately forged iron. The Louis XV décor in a synagogue seems as out of place as the large cross formed by the windows. The window arrangement, however, is entirely appropriate: for the synagogue of Carpentras, near Avignon, is a relic of a strange medieval relationship between the papacy and a Jewish community.

The people who were to become known as the Pope's Jews were mostly refugees from Languedoc in southwestern France, whose ruler, King Philip IV, banished Jews from the province in order to seize their property. Ironically, Philip had also helped provide a place of asylum. A quarrel between the king and Pope Boniface VIII had played a part in the election of a French Pope, who moved the papal court to Avignon in 1308. There it remained until 1377, and there the banished Jews found a home. The Avignon Popes, beginning with Clement V, welcomed them—at least partly as valued taxpayers—and guaranteed their safety.

Promised Land. By 1358, one-fifth of the 2,500 people living in Carpentras were Jewish, earning for the town the sobriquet *La Petite Jérusalem*. In contrast to most of Europe, the Jews were allowed to own land and engage in any occupation they chose except finance and the administration of justice; some of them became wine growers. Now and then the Jews were accused of poisoning fountains, propagating plagues or conspiring with Saracens and lepers, but the Pope kept anti-Semitism in check by threatening to excommunicate religious bigots.

Gratefully the Jews included their benefactor in their prayers, petitioning God to "exalt our sovereign and Holy Father, the Pope." The group also developed a self-protective prejudice of their own. Foreign Jews were tolerated for three nights, then asked to leave. Lingers were escorted out of town by the Pope's guard. When a "foreign" Jew married into the Carpentras circle, the locals called it a mixed marriage.

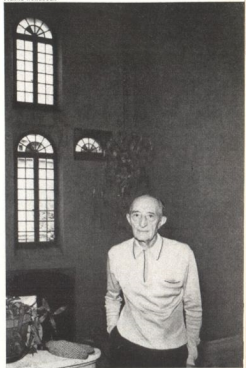
Both the return of the Popes to Rome and the rise of a burgher class began to turn the courteous arrangement sour. By the mid-15th century, bourgeois resentment had determined that the Pope's Jews could not expand beyond their one-street ghetto. The only place to go was up, so they built some of Western Europe's earliest residential skyscrapers, houses ten to eleven stories high. To enforce humility, the town limited the number of pearls a Jewish woman might wear for her wedding. The serving of sugar-coated almonds, a local delicacy cherished by the Jews, was banned.

Psalm singing at funerals was forbidden, and, when the wife of a prominent Catholic citizen had a child, the ghetto had to offer her twelve pounds of sugar, twice that for twins.

Lasting Immunity. Despite the discrimination, the Carpentras Jewish community numbered nearly 1,200 on the eve of the French Revolution. Then the revolutionists' policy of religious liberalism succeeded where bigotry had failed. Free to go where they wanted, the Pope's Jews wandered off into other parts of Europe.

Today Robert Ezechiel Crémieux, 70, a tailor by trade, is the last surviving descendant of the original group left in

PIERRE DONGER



ROBERT EZECHIEL CRÉMIEUX
End of a heritage.

Carpentras (though a number of other Jews have settled in the vicinity).

Crémieux's own survival results from the special status accorded to the Pope's Jews centuries ago. "During the last war," he recalls, "I wasn't arrested because I could prove I was a Pope's Jew. I actually went down to the Carpentras library to look up my family tree. I got back to Jacob Crémieux, who was born in Carpentras in 1611. That was good enough for the Pétainists. Later on, four French fascist policemen prepared to arrest me anyway. But then an American bomb blew up police headquarters and killed the four." Unfortunately, Crémieux will not be passing on his heritage. He married a Roman Catholic and considers himself an agnostic. Further, he is childless; with him, nearly 700 years of history in Carpentras will end.

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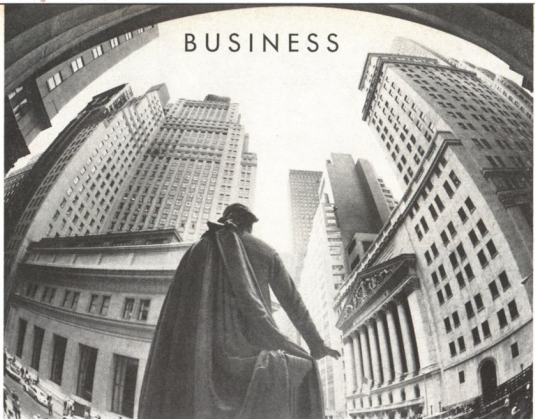
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BUSINESS



BROAD & WALL STREETS: WASHINGTON'S STATUE AT A TROUBLED CORNER

Change and Turmoil on Wall Street

MOST outsiders would assume that Wall Street, the citadel of American capitalism, is a model of efficiency and sound management. It is nothing of the sort. In fact, Wall Street is an avenue filled with managerial cracks and potholes. Nothing has so plainly revealed its weaknesses as the recent steep decline in stocks, which has cut almost \$200 billion from the value of shares listed on the New York Stock Exchange alone. Simultaneously with this decline, and largely as a result of it, the U.S. securities system is undergoing a series of fundamental changes that are bound to affect all investors.

The changes are being championed by a new generation of leaders in the industry who are highly critical of the way in which its basic power groups work and serve the public. On Wall Street, as elsewhere in American life, self-criticism is in style these days, and no institution is any longer considered sacred. The stock market's critics are speaking up against mismanagement in brokerage houses, politicking in stock exchanges and the practices that led to the speculative spree of the mid-1960s—and the hard fall that followed. This new group differs considerably from the men who rose to power in the market in earlier times. Today's leaders are fairly young—many are in their 30s and 40s—as well as politically iconoclastic and socially concerned. Skeptical of the con-

ventional wisdom, they are questioning not only the mechanism of the market but the uses to which capital is put.

The securities business is so widespread and diverse that no man can speak for all of it. But few in the industry wield as much influence as 43-year-old Howard Stein, who is both a leader among the younger critics and a top executive in a branch of the business that is becoming increasingly powerful in the market. As president and chief executive of the Dreyfus Corp., Stein heads a complex of investment funds that manages more than \$2 billion of "O.P.M."—other people's money. Among the five investment companies for which he serves as prime strategist is The Dreyfus Fund, the second largest of the nation's 800 mutual funds (after Investors Mutual). It is probably the best known of the funds, partly because of its famous symbol, the Dreyfus lion, which stalks out of a subway and leaps languidly onto a pedestal in television commercials.*

* For the 20-second color-television commercial, an elaborate mock subway entrance was built on an empty Hollywood lot, and the lion performed on it. The rest of the lion scene was played in front of the image of a genuine Wall Street background, filmed earlier and projected onto a screen behind the animal. The lion, named Major, is the understudy of the cross-eyed lion in the *Daktari* series.

Stein is a slender, relaxed man whose interests range far beyond matters of money. He was an outspoken critic of the Viet Nam War long before dovishness became fashionable in the Wall Street community. Largely because of his antiwar stand, he took a six months' leave of absence in 1968 to become chief fund raiser for Senator Eugene McCarthy's political campaign. Now he is helping to plan John Gardner's drive to form a nonpartisan national citizens' lobby that would act to reshape national policies and priorities. Last week Stein made a quick trip to Northern Ireland to see for himself one of the world's trouble spots; while there he moved through barbed-wire barricades to talk with Catholic priests, Protestant militants and heavily armed British soldiers. Like almost every knowledgeable investor, Stein realizes that trouble anywhere in the world has an impact on U.S. securities markets. He argues that the effect is larger than it used to be because television makes distant disputes seem closer to home.

Stein likes to keep close watch on social problems and political currents in order to sense more keenly how they may affect movements in the market. "In the late 1960s," he says, "we had a market that rose to a peak because it was built on speculation and hope. Then came the big decline, and millions of people got hurt. Today there is a re-

turn to conservatism in America. A majority of people cherish the forms of this society, but are fearful that they will be destroyed. Today they see nothing to make them hope. We are still in the Viet Nam War, and we still have social unrest."

It is a rare American who has not been hurt—directly or indirectly—by the market's long fall. In a sense the decline has hit harder than that of the Great Depression: only about 1,500,000 Americans owned shares then, compared with 31 million now. All together, 100 million Americans have some stake in the market through their holdings in pension funds, profit-sharing funds, variable annuities and endowment trusts. Even people who do not have such interests have been damaged. The stock drop has affected the psychological climate—and thus the spending plans—of all kinds of businesses. Moreover, as stockholders have felt the pinch, the decline has brought hard times to enterprises as varied as restaurants, nightclubs, gambling casinos, summer-rental brokerages, yacht builders, jewelers, liquor stores and fur shops.

Double Pinch

The market will certainly rise again. It always has. In the later stages of past bear markets, fortunes have been made by investors who had patience, courage—and some cash. Last week, however, portents of any substantial rise in stocks were as hard to find as cheerful brokers. The Dow-Jones industrial average fell 15 points to 711, and new lows for the year were set by many faded glamour stocks, including American Hospital Supply, Avon Products, Walt Disney Productions, Iowa Beef, National Cash Register, Telex, Texas Instruments and Xerox. At week's end the Government reported signs that the economy was picking up: industrial production and personal income climbed in July, pretax corporate profits barely declined at all in the second quarter and laggard statistics showed that the gross national product rose a bit more than had been calculated earlier. The Dow-Jones average reacted by registering a feeble 3½-point gain on Friday.

It will take more bullish news than that to revive the spirits of Wall Street's professionals, who are in a particularly severe recession. Unlike most other segments of the economy, the securities business is suffering simultaneously from a decline in sales volume and a drop in prices. The result is that brokers' revenues have shrunk dramatically. The New York Stock Exchange estimates that most of its member firms can break even only when average daily trading volume on the Big Board reaches 12 million shares; so far this year, volume has averaged only 10.7 million shares.

On Manhattan's Wall Street, Chicago's La Salle Street, San Francisco's Montgomery Street and in the many other financial districts of the nation, pay cuts and wholesale layoffs are the

order of the day. Top brokers, who once earned \$100,000 or more a year, are down to a small fraction of that. Quite a few junior customers' men have left the business, bitter and disappointed: some are now driving taxis, pumping gas or lining up for unemployment checks. One former margin clerk for a brokerage house was recently sighted on Wall Street getting a ticket from a policeman for illegally selling men's shirts out of a carton.

In all, 139 brokerage houses have failed or have been forced into shotgun mergers. Last week the big Dempsey-Tegeler & Co. was ordered into liquidation by the New York Stock Exchange. Exchange officials disclosed that nine other firms are so near failure that they have stopped or may soon be forced to stop doing business with the public. In addition to Dempsey-Tegeler, four are formally being liquidated: McDonnell & Co., Gregory & Sons, Baerwald & Deboer, and Amott, Baker & Co. The other five—Meyerson & Co., Fusz-Schmelze & Co., Blair & Co., Orvis Bros. & Co., and Kleiner, Bell & Co.—are headed for liquidation because of capital problems. A couple of the biggest firms in the business, while not in danger of extinction, are widely reported to be losing roughly \$1,000,000 a month.

As a major mover in the securities markets, Howard Stein is deeply concerned by Wall Street's difficulties. He has brought together, and acts as quarterback for, a group of seven leading moneymen, who travel from many parts of the U.S. to meet regularly, usually at Dreyfus' Manhattan headquarters, to discuss inflation and the economy, the problems of the brokerage business and

the future structure of the exchanges. Among the men who attend the four-hour sessions are Thomas Reeves of Investors Diversified Services, Wellington Fund's John Bogle, Mellon Bank's Lloyd Pederson, InterCapital's Fred Stein (no kin), and Kidder, Peabody's Ralph DeNunzio, who is vice chairman of the New York Stock Exchange.

Rivals for the Dollars

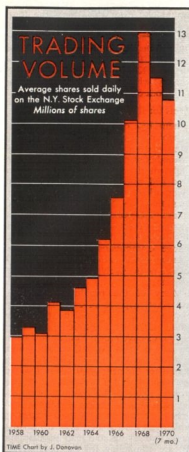
Stein has often voiced criticism of the major forces in the market. He condemns the amateurism and greed of brokerage-house partners who took out virtually all the profits when times were good and who now have difficulty surviving when times are glum. He maintains that the New York Stock Exchange has followed rather than led the pace of change and modernization. He holds that the Securities and Exchange Commission, partly because it is understaffed, waits too long to attack some obvious problems in the securities business.

Many of the problems that Stein and others deplore have been caused at least partially by the rise of the mutual funds and other institutional investors. The funds have grown from almost nothing before World War II to \$39 billion in assets today. The mutual funds rank right after the pension funds as the biggest institutional shareholders. Though brokers derive some income from selling mutual fund shares, the funds nevertheless represent a threat not only to brokerage houses but also to savings banks and savings and loan associations. All are competing for the dollars that Americans have to invest or save. The institutions are taking an increasing share of the portion that goes into common

JOHN ROBATON—CAMERA 8



STEIN IN OFFICE DECIPHERING STOCK CHARTS
Keeping an eye out for "cresters."



stocks: they now own 35% of the shares on the New York Stock Exchange and account for 60% of the dollar volume of the exchange's public trading, up from 40% a decade ago. Late in 1968, under pressure from the Securities and Exchange Commission, brokerage houses reduced the commissions that they charge on trades of more than 1,000 shares. That reduction helped the institutions but later tightened the cash squeeze on brokerages.

In addition, the mutual funds—notably the newer, smaller “go-go” funds—were largely responsible for the dazzling but dangerous cult of “performance.” This notion, which began taking root in 1965, was that aggressive institutions could wring more profit from a rising market by swinging in and out of glamour issues than by holding on to solid stocks. Trading volume—and brokers’ profits—rocketed. Go-go funds made great leaps, and even some staid trust officers in banks joined the stampede to buy and sell. According to a study released last week by the Twentieth Century Fund, the trading policies of mutual funds contributed to “excessive” price swings among small, speculative issues of stocks.

Unable to handle all the trading volume, Wall Street was swamped by its own prosperity. From early 1968

through May 1970, the stock exchanges shortened their hours to help overburdened back-office staffs cope with a mountain of paper work. The snarls persisted, delaying the transfer of stock certificates between buyers and sellers and creating a furor. Convinced that the trading bonanza was permanent, many brokers began an orgy of expansion, opening up costly new branch offices that they are now busy closing. “There was a bit of collective insanity in those days,” recalls Stein. “The market lost its reason and almost lost its future.”

Disappearing Stock

Stein not only resisted the temptation to put The Dreyfus Fund into the performance game, but publicly warned that the game could lead the stock market into a spin. He also questioned the fashion for conglomerates long before the stock market marked them down. Despite such foresight, The Dreyfus Fund has not escaped the ravages of the bear market. Direct comparisons between mutual funds and stock market averages are hard to make because the funds include the value of reinvested dividends, while the averages do not. By these varying measures, The Dreyfus Fund declined last year but still did better than all the stock market averages except the Standard & Poor's 500. So far this year The Dreyfus Fund has fallen 20%, or more than the Dow-Jones industrial average (down 9.69%), the Standard & Poor's 500 (down 16.27%) and the N.Y.S.E. Composite (down 18.77%). Still, the fund has fared better than the American Exchange average (off 22%) and than mutual funds as a group (off 23%). Stein contends, quite naturally, that mutual funds should be judged on the basis of their long-term record. In the past ten years The Dreyfus Fund has risen 130%.

While the major mutual funds have suffered setbacks lately, their problems seem transitory compared with those of the brokerages. Men who have entered the brokerage business from other fields have been shocked by the mess on Wall Street. Archie Albright, a former executive vice president for Stauffer Chemical who is now the president of the underwriting branch of recently merged F.I. du Pont, Gloré Forgan, says: “These guys got carried away during the boom years. Nobody had the kind of internal cost accounting to tell what fast expansion would do to profits. Then everybody started buying computers to handle the paper work. In the past, when times became tough, Wall Street firms could always lay off their clerks. But how do you lay off a computer?”

Careless and poorly trained clerks have cost brokerage houses vast sums of money by losing or misplacing stock certificates. Incredible as it may seem, hundreds of millions of dollars worth of stock has simply disappeared. These losses are called “box differences” because the shortages are discovered dur-

ing an audit of the strongboxes in which securities are stored. In order to make good to their customers, brokerages have to buy new stock in place of the lost shares. The high cost of replacing the box differences has contributed to the downfall of several firms and has strained many others.

On top of that, many of Wall Street's capitalists do not have enough capital. To provide a cushion for investors and creditors in case a firm fails, the New York Exchange requires every member firm to have at least \$1 in net capital for every \$20 in liabilities. One big problem is that brokerage firms often have part of their capital in securities, which can plunge in value when the market drops. The securities are often borrowed



“QUICK! WHAT

from outside investors, who are paid a 10% annual fee for their use.

A firm with this kind of capital can quickly tumble into serious difficulty. Hayden, Stone, for example, borrowed nearly \$18 million in stock from some Oklahoma investors last March. Some of it consisted of shares of Four Seasons Nursing Centers, which later filed for bankruptcy. Hayden, Stone's capital has been further reduced by declines in the value of other borrowed shares. The firm has chopped salaries, cut back its staff and branch offices and sought refuge by negotiating for a merger with Walston & Co. Before that deal is consummated, Hayden, Stone may have to find an estimated \$6,000,000 to pay off certain loans.

Similarly, Dempsey-Tegeler arranged last March to borrow \$7,000,000 from Denver Oilman John McC. King. The loan consisted of stock in King Resources Co., which explores and develops oil and gas prospects. As those shares plummeted, Dempsey-Tegeler fell apart. Last week John King was also in financial trouble, and he resigned as chairman of both King Resources and the Colorado Corp.

To bail out floundering brokerages—and back up its boast that, since the 1930s, “no customer has lost money through the failure of a member firm”—the New York Stock Exchange has raised a rescue fund by assessing its members. When a brokerage fails, the exchange draws on the fund to pay off the creditors, mostly bankers. Brokerages commonly use customers’ margin stock as collateral to support bank loans. The danger to investors is that, if a firm fails and the exchange’s trust fund runs out of money, banks will hold on to the stock of the margin customers.

Lately, rescues have reduced the Big Board’s trust fund from \$55 million to \$24 million, and most of what remains may be needed to aid the ten firms cur-

rently facing liquidation. Leaders in the securities business have been pressing Congress to set up a \$150 million trust fund, financed by the industry, with an additional \$1 billion line of credit at the U.S. Treasury. As proposed, the fund would be dominated by the industry, not the Government. Partly because of that provision, Congress seems in no hurry to come to the aid of Wall Street.



YEAR IS THIS?

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The Big Board is also beset by internal politics and bickering. One prominent securities analyst denounces the Big Board as a “Byzantine, conspiratorial Kafka-esque monster.” The owners of the exchange, the 1,366 members who hold a seat entitling them to transact business on the exchange floor, have varied and often conflicting interests. When confronted by almost any proposal for change, the 33 governors divide into several factions, and the splits slow the pace of change that Exchange President Robert Haack is trying to bring about. Says Haack: “My job is to move these people into the 21st century.”

The funds can be influential in promoting change, if only because they are among the biggest customers of both the

“I Was Insufferable”

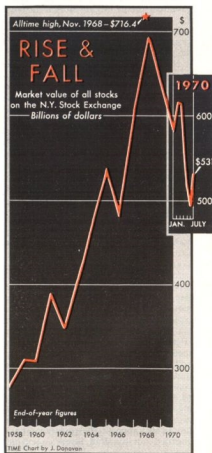
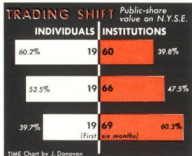
Stein entered the securities business in a roundabout way. Born in Brooklyn to parents in what he calls “less affluent circumstances,” he moved to Manhattan as a child and grew up in a flat over the Stage Delicatessen on Seventh Avenue. At the age of five he began to practice the violin and almost took up a career as a musician. His formal schooling was a sometime thing: he spent eight to ten hours a day playing the violin and three hours a week with a tutor who came to the Stein apartment. “I learned a little math and I read a fair amount,” he recalls. Only after a truant officer discovered him did Stein enter a vocational high school; it simply bored him. He dropped out, but won a scholarship in music at Manhattan’s Juilliard School. Later Stein wrote music and produced a few off-Broadway shows on shoestring budgets. To make money he sold librettos at the Metropolitan Opera House. After ballet performances he sometimes bought back programs from departing customers and resold them at later performances, netting a small but perhaps significant capital gain. When he finally decided that he was not destined to become a great violinist, he put his fiddle into a closet and permanently gave up playing.

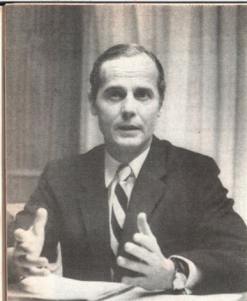
At 23 he got his first real job, at 75¢ an hour, loading steel onto trucks for a metals firm; he rose to become personnel manager for the same firm at \$100 a week. “I got to know the executives,” Stein says, “and they were always talking about the stock market. I didn’t know what it meant, really, but I became interested.” He began to hunt for a job on Wall Street, but without success. “They wanted salesmen, and they said I wasn’t a salesman.” Through a friend he was finally hired as a trainee at Bache & Co., where he soon noticed that letters requesting sales brochures were piling up unanswered while salesmen concentrated on person-to-person contacts. By getting in touch with the writers, Stein built a rich commission business. “I was insufferable in those days—arrogant, ambitious and aggressive,” he recalls. “Though I was making about \$50,000 a year, Bache didn’t let me rise fast enough.” In 1955, Stein quit and joined Dreyfus.

At that time, The Dreyfus Fund was a midget, with assets of only \$2,300,000. Stein earned a reputation as a shrewd

stock analyst, helping to steer the fund into rapid risers, including Polaroid. Within a few years he was chief assistant to Jack Dreyfus Jr., founder of the fund. In 1962, at 35, Stein suffered a mild stroke, but recovered with no aftereffects. When Jack Dreyfus retired five years ago to enjoy his multimillions, he turned control of the business over to his protégé, the ex-violinist.

For managing the Dreyfus Corp., Stein is paid \$160,000 a year; he also owns 5% of the corporation’s stock, a holding now worth about \$2,000,000. He runs his empire in a muted, loosely organized style. Visitors often find him sprawled in an armchair in his corner office on the 35th floor of Manhattan’s General Motors Building, his shoes off





ARCHIE ALBRIGHT

"These guys got carried away..."

while he studies charts. Stein's informal clothes, casual manner and diffident speech are outward manifestations of a state of mind. He soaks up information, but prefers getting it from people rather than books. An unschooled man with great gaps in his knowledge, he is never afraid to admit ignorance: instead, he asks openly for instruction. A less confident man might bluster through by pretending knowledge—or by denying the value of subjects that are closed to him. Today, having reached the top, Stein can afford to be modest.

He has an easy, bantering, first-name relationship with most of his co-workers. When he recently pressed Executive Vice President Jerome Hardy for some information, Hardy replied with a laugh: "For Christ's sake, Howard, get off my back." Stein and Hardy are now conspiring to persuade women employees to wear pantsuits in the office to fight the onslaught of the midi. Hardy's next plan is to wipe out neckties at the Dreyfus headquarters. "By fall," he says, "we'll be wearing turtle-neck sweaters."

What the Charts Say

Stein manages to spend most weekdays at his 90-acre country spread at Cross River, N.Y., in upper Westchester County, where he lives with his second wife Janet, their two children and her three children by a previous marriage. (He also has a town house on Manhattan's Upper East Side.) He begins a typical workday by reaching the office, via his chauffeured Cadillac, by 8 a.m. Often he works until midnight. He spends so much time in offices, cars and planes, and so little time outdoors, that he almost never wears an overcoat, even in midwinter. In the office he is almost always on the phone, speaking with financial executives, economists or prominent politicians. He studies practically none of the research reports churned out by Wall Street's securities analysts—which he claims have value

mainly in a bull market—but colleagues consider him to be "the best chart reader in the business."

Though charts are only one of many sources for Stein—and securities men, in any case, are divided about their predictive value—the floor of his office is usually cluttered with enormous books of them, made up daily. During and between phone calls, Stein ruffles through the charts, making occasional notes. "They speak! They speak!" he exclaims. He looks for "perkers"—stocks showing a slight rise after a steady fall—as possible shares to buy. He also keeps an eye out for "cresters"—shares that have turned down after a precipitous rise—as possible short sales for The Dreyfus Leveraged Fund. If a stock has a rise on heavy volume, he figures that some people—possibly company insiders—know something that he should know. He marks the stock's chart with an X, and then his analysts quickly make calls upon officers of the company. Sensing in the squiggles the moods and hopes of people who will influence tomorrow's markets, Stein also reads the lines of his charts in emotional terms. What do the charts tell him now? Says Stein: "There is a return to basic values in America."

Stein looks for reasons why the fortunes of whole industries should rise or fall, perhaps because of technological developments, a social trend or Government policy. The investment tactics are worked out at Monday morning meetings of the 14 men and one woman who handle securities research. The Dreyfus Fund has profited by investing in American Express, Texas Gulf Sulphur and even Penn Central, which it sold well before the railroad's bankruptcy, but it inevitably picks some losers. Among the current ones: Ampex, INA Corp. and Teledyne. Recently the analyst group concluded that well-managed airlines with profitable route structures should soon begin to climb again in the market, because air travel should increase after the economic slump ends. Last month The Dreyfus Fund picked up 600,000 shares of Northwest Airlines at 144, only 1 point above the 1970 low; since then the stock has

climbed 31 points, producing a quick paper profit of \$1,950,000. Nonetheless, the fund still has \$300 million, or 17% of its assets, in cash, awaiting more solid evidence of a market upturn.

Money-laden institutions, Stein contends, must find innovative ways to finance the nation's needs. With that in mind he has moved into the housing field. Last year the Dreyfus Corp. bought a Detroit home-building concern, which will soon start construction of about 800 low-income units in the federally backed new town of Jonathan, Minn. Though some of Stein's earlier investments in building-materials stocks have done poorly this year, he is convinced that the pent-up demand for shelter will eventually lead Washington to promote another housing boom.

Fewer Brokers, Higher Commissions

In one innovative step, the Dreyfus Corp. and Buffalo's Marine Midland Bank this month formed a jointly owned investment advisory service to handle the bank's pension, profit-sharing and endowment accounts. There is considerable logic in the arrangement: the bank has customers, and the fund has more talent available for investment analysis. Stein expects that other banks and mutual funds will also tie together in such ventures. Not too seriously, he proposes a corporate symbol for the Dreyfus-Marine Midland company: the sea lion.

The innovations in large institutions like Stein's Dreyfus Corp. are only part of a much broader wave of change that will make Wall Street a very different place in the 1970s. One significant shift that has already begun involves the fate of the mutual funds' prime customer, the small investor. During the past two decades, brokers and stock exchange officials have exhorted secretaries, janitors and just about everybody else to "buy a share in American business." But the small investor is no longer profitable for most brokerage houses. Though it is riskier, it is cheaper for individual investors to buy stocks directly from a broker than through investment in a mutual fund. Moreover, brokers have larger, costlier office staffs. Salesmen at some firms

BROKERAGE CLERK STRUGGLING WITH STACK OF STOCK CERTIFICATES



have been instructed to turn down orders unless the commissions run to \$20 or more. In the near future the brokerages are likely to raise their commissions on small trades—they have already tacked a \$15 surcharge on to orders for fewer than 1,000 shares—and to fold many more branch offices that cater to "the little man."

Economic pressures will also force more mergers among brokerages. Instead of the present 250 sizable brokerage companies, the U.S. by the end of the decade may have about 100. The securities business will probably benefit because weak firms will be squeezed out and the strong will survive. But investors will have less choice. More and more business will be transacted by the larger, wealthy institutional investors.

In view of the many obvious needs of the nation in the 1970s, the securities business will have to raise more capital—and channel it more efficiently—than ever before. If Wall Street is to do that job well, it must get its own houses in order. Just about every expert in the securities business believes that brokers will have to arrange better, more reliable sources of internal financing. Unless the exchanges do so first, Congress may well insist that brokerage firms stop the practice of borrowing stocks and listing them as "capital."

A Bet on Technology

A number of moves are under way to reduce the brokers' costs of doing business. After some early foul-ups, the computers are beginning to help the brokerages to reduce their expensive paper work. The old-fashioned engraved stock certificate, which was one cause of the costly "fails" that jammed up back offices, is expected to be phased out entirely in the 1970s. It will be replaced by electronic entries in computers, and investors will get a monthly print-out of their holdings. To eliminate an expensive overlap of functions and to reduce errors in transactions, the New York and American stock exchanges are planning a combined clearinghouse and a joint automation system that would channel orders to the floor. The Big Board has invested more than

\$1,000,000 in a computerized information network called the "Block Automation System." It is not a trading mechanism, but a time-saving way for subscribers—122 brokers and 59 institutions—to advise one another of the stocks that they want to buy and sell.

In general, however, the Big Board has fallen considerably behind in its schedule for embracing automation. One reason, critics insist, is the ineptitude of some members of its bureaucratic staff. Another is dwindling revenues: the exchange's income is directly tied to trading volume. Nobody feels the urgency for change more keenly than President Haack. For example, he agrees with critics who say that floor specialists should be put under closer scrutiny by the exchange and should be obliged to have more capital.

The powers of the major exchanges are likely to diminish because the institutional investors are expected to do an increasing amount of their trading through other sources. In an important shift aimed at saving money, some institutions have been trading listed shares through the "third market" of dealers who are not members of the major exchanges, and who are thus exempt from the exchanges' minimum commission rates. The Dreyfus Fund has saved its shareholders \$1,200,000 in commissions by moving the buying and selling of some securities onto regional exchanges. Institutions are also making direct trades with one another in the so-called "fourth market," which bypasses brokers and exchanges altogether. The Justice Department questions whether the whole system by which exchanges set commissions violates the laws against price fixing.

Market insiders are talking about the possibility that one great, national exchange will in time take the place of the many that now exist. As a first step, the New York and American exchanges may merge entirely in the next few years. However farfetched it may seem, some Wall Streeters argue that a combined exchange should become a nonprofit foundation: members would not buy seats but earn them through competitive examinations.

The changes can come none too soon



ROBERT HAACK
Factions slow the pace.

because, in the years just ahead, the stock market will be called upon to play a different and more important role than in the years just past. There will be a renewed rush by corporations to finance their expansion by issuing more common stock. In the 1960s, companies were able to get most of their financing through retained profits, bond issues or bank loans, which were fairly cheap and easy to obtain. Executives were reluctant to float stock because it would dilute their earnings per share. "And in those days," says Stein, "earnings per share were a sacrosanct criterion of executive skill."

A More Sensible Market

Prosperity and rising profits then inspired a strong demand for stocks, but the supply was limited. Prices went through the roof. "The enormous rise," insists Stein, "had less to do with a sober assessment of a company's performance than with the sheer shortage of stock. People were not buying companies; they were buying the market." That situation is not likely to recur, because today's profits are modest, corporate debt is high and interest rates are steep. The switch away from debt issues and into equity issues has already begun. Last year U.S. companies put out a record dollar volume of new stocks; this year another record is expected.

Wall Street's professionals generally agree that investors will have to choose stocks more carefully than in the recent past. Very few thinly held stocks of small companies are likely to double and quadruple in a short span of time, as many did just two or three years ago. "When you look at the charts," says Stein, "you can tell right away that the buoyant stocks today are those of companies with really sound records and sound prospects. This means that the market is building a solid, sensible base. That's healthy. It would be too bad to see another boom built on hot air."

COMPUTER TERMINAL OF STOCK EXCHANGE BLOCK AUTOMATION SYSTEM



EDUCATION

Free Enterprise for Schools

When a baseball team finishes last, the manager is usually fired. If no one buys Edsels, no more are made. But one of the nation's biggest enterprises—education—is virtually unaccountable when it fails its customers. As a result, reformers across the U.S. have begun a series of novel experiments aimed at making teachers and even whole schools responsible for their performance in terms of dollars and cents. The idea is already meeting resistance from teachers' organizations, which see a sharp threat to their jobs and power.

This fall, the 800 students at all-black Banneker Elementary School in

up to nationwide standards. The original plan would have ranked and rewarded teachers not for their seniority or degrees, but for their ability to teach, as measured by the progress of their classes. The best teachers would have been paid as much as principals. But the plan provoked the local teachers' union into accusing the board of trying to "dupe" the community by a "criminal action." Faced with the threat of court action, the board now seems almost certain to keep the focus on reading, but to back down on the plan's pay standards.

All the same, accountability will not be easily stopped. The Office of Economic Opportunity is spending \$6.5 mil-

lions of all. Developed by a team headed by Harvard Education Professor Christopher Jencks, the plan would give parents complete freedom to send their children to whatever school they considered best—private as well as public. Placed on an equal footing in an open market, schools would have to satisfy their customers or go out of business.

The Jencks plan is now being considered by school boards in San Francisco and Hartford, Conn. Pittsburgh and Milwaukee have also expressed interest. The scheme would operate by giving parents of school-age children a voucher equal in value to the cost of educating each child in their district's public schools. The parents would give the voucher to the school of their choice, and the school would cash in the voucher to get its Government funds.

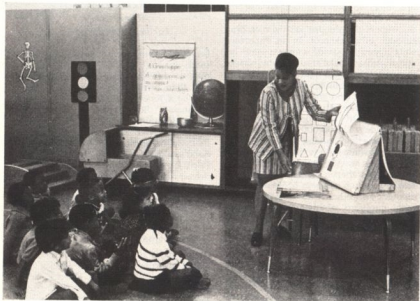
A local voucher agency would police the system, making sure, for example, that schools accepted at least a fair share of local minority groups. Conceding that poor children are often more expensive to teach than middle-class youngsters, Jencks would give their parents bonus vouchers, thus making the kids more attractive to school admissions directors. If a school were oversubscribed, as the best ones might well be, Jencks would try to ease the pressure by having the school select at least half of each class by lottery.

Fads and Hucksters. Jencks argues that voucher agencies could avoid racial discrimination, while raising academic standards. He may be overly optimistic. Jencks admits that giving parents a greater choice about their children's schooling does not mean that they will choose wisely. Some might flock to schools specializing in easy courses, or plunge into untested fads. The plan might encourage overly narrow specialized schools or fly-by-night educational hucksters.

The voucher idea also shares the most significant danger of the other plans for making schools accountable: it could overemphasize profit-ensuring test scores at the expense of good teaching.

The most prominent early experiment with financial accountability revealed this problem vividly. Last year the twin cities of Texarkana, Ark. and Texas used an Office of Education grant for a performance contract with Dorsett Educational Systems of Norman, Okla. Dorsett awarded students free time, transistor radios and a portable television set for outstanding achievement. At year's end Dorsett had earned \$100,000—as much as \$900 on a single student—and student test reports were correspondingly rosy. The only problem was that Dorsett slipped some of the questions on the final evaluation test into the exercises its students were taught.

"It isn't easy to measure many of the purposes and objectives of education," says former U.S. Commissioner of Education James E. Allen Jr. Should parents be dismayed at a private contractor's cram-school approach or de-



READING CLASS IN GARY'S BANNEKER ELEMENTARY
Responsible for dollars and cents.

Gary, Ind., will be turned over to a private company, Behavioral Research Laboratories of Palo Alto, Calif. The company, which has already been a consultant to the system for a year, will put the school staff on its payroll, take full charge of curriculum planning and administration. In turn, the city will pay the firm \$800 a year per student, the current school outlay in Gary. As a key condition of its contract, BRL must refund the entire fee for any student who is still below the national achievement norm after three years in the program. The Gary teachers' union is keeping a close watch on the plan.

New Rewards. In Washington, D.C., last month, the school board voted to subject the entire system to the test. Under a plan mapped out by Psychologist Kenneth B. Clark's Metropolitan Applied Research Center, every school will concentrate on bringing the reading ability of its sadly lagging pupils

lition next year for similar contract programs in 21 school districts across the country. Just to break even, the six firms involved will have to more than double the previous average yearly improvement of their pupils.

Gary's education contractor, BRL, has negotiated a guaranteed reading-performance agreement with the city of Philadelphia that will reach 23,000 students and cost as much as \$920,000. New York's Educational Development Laboratories (a subsidiary of McGraw-Hill) and Science Research Associates of Chicago (part of IBM) have contracted to raise the reading scores of 15,600 students in San Diego schools. Performance contracts have become so widespread that the Department of Health, Education and Welfare has asked the Rand Corporation to study their implications.

Satisfying Customers. The OEO is preparing to foot the bill for school systems that try out the most radical ex-



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lighted when it boosts their kids' test scores? Whatever the answer, parents and taxpayers are legitimately fed up with the failure of many large public school systems to demonstrate anything but Byzantine bureaucracy and under-achieving pupils. Making schools responsive to the relentless pressures of economics and competition may be a harsh way to force improvements—but stricter accountability is clearly needed to fill the present vacuum.

The Strain of Strine

Anyone who goes to Australia thinking he speaks the Queen's English is in for a shock called "Strine," meaning Australian—the cockney-like vernacular that most Aussies spout. Through the mysterious medium of Strine, magic comes out *mare chick*, a terrace house is a *terror souse*, house-proud is *asprad*, and sacks of potatoes are *sex অপটার*. Such metamorphoses particularly baffle Australia's many visiting Asian students, who arrive Down Under speaking textbook Hong Kong or Pakistani English, only to confront linguistic anarchy on their very first *gloria sty* (glorious day) in the country.

When an Asian student attends an art class, for instance, he hears ostensibly sane Aussies discussing painting styles like *mon* (modern) and *airstrek* (abstract). At luncheon in the campus canteen, the visitor may hear a local student ask: "Gottin *semmitchess*?" "Air," says the counter girl. "Emeny *jiwant*?" Student: "Gimme *utter martyr* and an *airman pickle*." Thanks to the *mare chick* of communications, the girl duly produces a tomato and a ham and pickle salad.

A Split Nair Dyke. Unfortunately, some Asian students are keenly aware of the family sacrifices made so that they can attend college in Australia; many also deeply fear the loss of face that accompanies failure. Their struggle with Strine can lead to despair and, in some cases, to severe family crisis.

The Asians' plight has long concerned Ronald Bates, 57, a fourth-generation Australian who has managed to avoid speaking Strine himself, but knows just how confusing it can be. As a Sydney court stenographer, Bates has to decipher the lingo and convert it into shorthand symbols at the rate of 200 words a minute. "Thank God I'm a professional phoneticist," he says. "Otherwise, I wouldn't know what the hell half the witnesses and lawyers I have to record were talking about most of the time."

For several years Bates has given free, informal lessons in his spare time to help immigrants understand Strine. Now he and Psychologist Robert Hay, 33, have started a six-week crash course in Australian usage and pronunciation for Asian students at the University of New South Wales. Students are given isolated bits of Strine to cover all sorts of contingencies—envy is usually a case of *sag rapes*, and summer nights can be hell when the *egg ni 'ner* (air con-

ditioner) is on the blink. Students often use a handbook on Strine that sets up little dramatic situations larded with lingo. What, for instance, should a wife do with a layabout husband? "*Fitwer smeeidle leave im. Seems he sawway sonn the grog. He'll nebbay any good.*" Translation: "If it were me, I'd leave him. Seems he's always drunk. He'll never be any good."

The Bates-Hay goal is modest but realistic: to enable their charges to understand about half the time. The other half may still drive Asians to distraction, but at least some of them will soon be able to complain fluently: "*I got a split nair dyke. Snor niken bear. I left a tiger nip-py sea.*" In short, "I've got a splitting headache. It's more than I can bear. I'll have to take an APC tablet." When it comes to the strain of Strine, in fact, those tablets may be the only remedy.



"DREAM CANDIDATES" BUTTON
Split between Gardner and Hayakawa.

Hayakawa for Harvard?

In scouring the nation for Harvard's 25th president—the still unfound successor to retiring Nathan M. Pusey—the university's governing corporation recently canvassed 200,000 Harvard alumni, students, faculty and employees. The answers revealed just how deep the divisions are among Harvard men about the recent uproars in Cambridge. The respondents' first choice was a symbol of Harvard's traditional moderate liberalism: John Gardner, former secretary of HEW and present head of the National Urban Coalition.

But the second largest batch of replies expressed dissatisfaction with the liberal stance. They proposed the man who epitomizes a hard-line approach to student dissenters: San Francisco State College President S.I. Hayakawa.

Hayakawa is unlikely to be chosen; the corporation is clearly leaning toward men with more flexibility. Still, liberal students and faculty members were astounded by his support. Economist John Kenneth Galbraith was moved to sarcasm. Referring to Harvard's autocratic president from 1909 to 1933, Galbraith observed: "I'm astonished they did not go for Lawrence Lowell. Perhaps they did not know he was dead."

MILESTONES

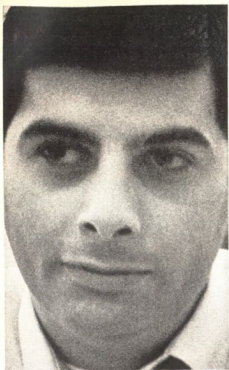
Married. Bill Harrah, 58, Nevada gambling chieftain (Harrah's Clubs, Reno and Lake Tahoe), who was the state's largest casino operator until Howard Hughes decided to buy in; and Mary Burger, 30, physical culturist; he for the fourth time (his four-month marriage to Singer Bobbie Gentry ended in divorce in April), she for the first; in a Baptist ceremony in Reno.

Died. Dr. Stuart Brinkley Jr., 54, physicist and pioneering researcher into the characteristics of explosives: of a heart attack; in South Bristol, Maine. Though he lost both hands in a lab explosion while a student at Yale, Brinkley did not let the tragedy hamper his career: he learned to use artificial hands, experimented without letup. His treatise on blast wave theory, written with Cornell Professor John Kirkwood, is a classic in its field.

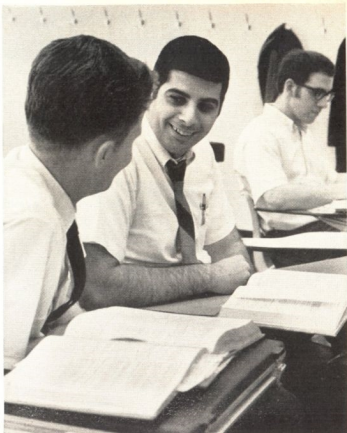
Died. Colonel George J. McNally, 64, chief of the White House communications system from 1946 to 1965, who kept four Presidents in constant touch with Washington, no matter where in the world they happened to be—even if that meant installing a telephone in the Taj Mahal, as he did when Eisenhower visited in 1959; of a heart attack; in Bethesda, Md.

Died. Jack Fishberg, 66, violinist for 44 years with the New York Philharmonic and its predecessors; in London. Part of a remarkable family that at one time counted six members in the Philharmonic, Fishberg played for all the great conductors, and rated Toscanini the greatest of them all—though the orchestra did have to pull even him out of the soup. "He once got mixed up in *Daphnis and Chloe*," said Fishberg. "We kept on playing. We knew the score."

Died. Joe Lapchick, 70, basketball great, both as a player and a coach; of a heart attack; in Monticello, N.Y. Tall for his time at 6 ft. 5 in., Lapchick started with the Original Celtics during the 1920s, helped them to so many lopsided victories that the American Basketball League finally ordered them to disband. But it was as a coach that he contributed most to the game. Kind, almost fatherly with his players—and a nervous wreck when he watched them in action—Lapchick brought New York's St. John's University to national prominence in the '30s and '40s, then in the 1950s made championship contenders out of the mediocre professional New York Knickerbockers. He ended with a crescendo as he began, returning to St. John's in 1956 and rebuilding until 1964-65, his last season before retiring. That year St. John's won both the Holiday Festival and the National Invitation Tournament.



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CINEMA

Mick's Duet

Pop stars continue to have bad luck in films. Musical showcases like *Woodstock* display them to good musical advantage, but when called upon to act, react or recite a line, they generally perform like stumbling automatons. The Beatles—thanks to the brilliance of Director Richard Lester—managed to escape. But it happened to Elvis, it happened to Sinatra at first, and it is happening now to Mick Jagger, rock's reigning Rolling Stone, who is currently on view in a couple of hapless films.

Performance casts Mick as a freaky rock singer who has given it all up and lives in a cavernous house in Notting

ham. *Ned Kelly* is a Tony Richardson movie about a legendary Australian bandit, a kind of 19th century Robin Hood. In the title role, Mick sticks up banks and shoots a lot of policemen. But he pays for all that fun. As the hangman slips the inevitable noose around his neck, Jagger looks straight into the camera and says: "Such is life."

Jocelyn Herbert's production design creates a feeling of violent, boisterous squalor, and Gerry Fisher's camera work—like Nicolas Roeg's in *Performance*—is discreet but evocative. Of course, Mick gets to sing in both films. In *Performance*, he delivers a zesty composition of his own, called *Memo from Turner*, and in *Ned Kelly*, he gives us ap-



JAGGER & FRIENDS IN "PERFORMANCE"
Giggling in king-sized bathtubs.

Hill with two handmaidens, a little girl, some draperies, a few pastel pillows and a lot of dope. Into this heady atmosphere comes a hood on the lam (James Fox) who rents the downstairs room as a hideout. The hood corrupts the singer, the singer corrupts the hood, and the two handmaidens (Anita Pallenberg and Michele Breton) just hang around, giggling a lot and getting into bed and king-sized bathtubs with anyone available. The film, which pretends to have something more or less profound to say about exchanges of identity and loosening of moral fiber, alternates between incomprehensible chichi and flatulent boredom. Donald Cammell, the writer and co-director, edits his film elliptically and achieves a suffocating sense of baroque paranoia, but seemingly endless clichés overcome all the subliminal imagery.

When someone talks about a pyramid, there is a flash cut of an erect nipple; when the hoodlum dyes his hair, there is a cut to the singer spray-painting a wall. James Fox is nevertheless excellent as the gangster, and Jagger seems to be having a lark. Few others will share his pleasure.

proximately 847 choruses of *The Wild Colonial Boy*. Jagger's best film role to date is still in Godard's *One Plus One*, where he can be seen doing what he does best: just singing.

■ Jayocks

Something More Than Love

Carry It On, a gentle documentary about draft resistance, surprises with the subtle force of its argument and stuns through the sincerity of its two leading figures, Singer Joan Baez and her husband, the nonviolent activist David Harris. Shot in *cinéma vérité* format over a period of four months last summer, *Carry It On* revolves around Harris' arrest in July for noncooperation with the draft.

The film begins with scenes of Harris addressing a rally of California high school students and being arrested. It shows his wife meeting him on his release from jail, and moves on to fleeting glimpses of their home life, which is suddenly shattered when David is taken off to begin his three-year prison term. Then the cameras go on the road with Mrs. Harris, show her in concert

and in conference, talking politics and counseling nonviolent resistance.

The film is directed with great sympathy by three young film makers working out of Cambridge, Mass.: Christopher G. Knight, Robert Jones and James Coyne. Their work is at its straightforward best in depicting the relationship between the Harrises. When Joan meets David at the jail after the high school rally, there is a scene of extraordinary intimacy. David comes smiling out of the station door; Joan and some friends crowd around him. She takes his arm, smiles back at him, and they walk away together. That is all; yet the sequence and her simple gesture express a strong and lasting bond.

Carry It On is not only a love story. The Harrises give the film considerable ideological intensity. Even those who violently disagree with them will find their conversation refreshingly free of cant and full of infectious urgency. The movie may not convert doubters, but it may well make them turn their doubt, however briefly, upon themselves.

■ J.C.

Granny Knot

You don't have to be a fan clubber to love Elliott Gould, but it helps when, as in *Move*, his talent is swaddled in mediocrity. Laboring under Stuart Rosenberg's incomprehensible direction, Gould strives to leaven a sodden lump of a movie. His role is that contemporary stereotype, the creative Manhattanite who thinks himself into a granny knot. However fascinating Gould's mumbblings and stumblings may be, they are scarcely enough to sustain 90 minutes of pointless celluloid.

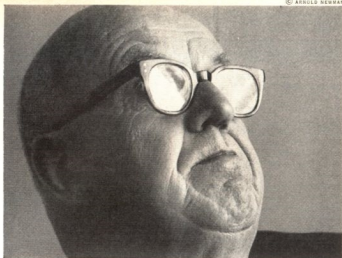
Hiram Jaffe (Gould) walks dogs in Central Park by day and writes skin books by night. All the while, his wife Dolly (Paula Prentiss) pelts him with Freudianisms that she has picked up as a psychiatrist's secretary.

They are moving two blocks down Central Park West, but Jaffe proves incapable of coping with that humdrum task. In a running routine that is a very low mutation of Kafka, Jaffe is consistently unable to persuade the anonymous moving man to move his furnishings. This is supposed to be a metaphor for Jaffe's general ineffectuality; it comes across as merely improbable.

Jaffe soothes his emotional wounds by retreating into fantasies, notably a romp in the hay with Genevieve Waite. But the viewer wonders: are these only fantasies? And does anybody care?

The one who really should care is Gould. His recent string of movies (*M*A*S*H*, *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*, *Getting Straight*) are all doing booming business, but *M*A*S*H* is still his only first-rate film. He would do well to study the sagging box-office strength of Marlon Brando and Peter Sellers after too many years of carrying bad movies on good shoulders.

■ Mark Goodman



C.P. SNOW

BOOKS

Lord of Limbo

LAST THINGS by C.P. Snow. 435 pages. Scribners. \$7.95.

With this, the eleventh novel in his *Strangers and Brothers* series, C.P. Snow at 64 has finally, after 30 years and 135,000 words, pronounced finis, leaving the world of marathon-dance fiction to Fellow Briton Anthony Powell.* The last installment, Snow promised, would be a book about "death, judgment, heaven and hell." *Last Things* is considerably less than that. Its major shortcomings and minor but honest pleasures pretty well sum up what has been right and wrong with *Strangers and Brothers* from the start.

To be sure, *Last Things* is technically about death. Snow's alter ego, Sir Lewis Eliot, reaches his 60s. A number of old friends die, as old friends will. And on Nov. 28, 1965, Eliot's heart stops for 3½ minutes during an operation for floating retina. Many medical details and a hint of geriatrics, though, do not add up to a philosophical treatment of death. In the end, *Last Things* is less an ode to mortality than a lip reading through the obituary column.

Heaven and Hell. As for judgment—to Eliot, alas, that mostly means deciding whether to take a last fling at government service. After pages and pages of squinting at the traps behind the enticements, Eliot turns down the offer to be a minister of state. For readers who know their prudent, prudent Eliot, the suspense is less than killing.

The only other real action in *Last Things* concerns Charles, Eliot's son, who also serves as Eliot's (and Snow's) surrogate confronter of the contempo-

rary scene. Young Charles goes to Cambridge and gets involved in politics, 1960s radical style. He also has an affair with his cousin's estranged wife, a girl as frustrating as she is attractive, perhaps as close as Snow comes to touching on his promised heaven and hell.

As usual when dealing with the impetuous and the headstrong, Eliot and Snow maintain a judicious tolerance toward Charles and his friends. Only the plot betrays an unspoken elders' bias: it is you people who make the messes that we people have to tidy up. Young Charles sees that there are other, better ways to effect change and takes off to the Middle East to acquire influence-on-the-quick. Another bright learner in the old Snow power game? Snow is ambiguous, and the ending is about as inconclusive as Snow's ten earlier endings.

Stacked up against the chatter about "death, judgment, heaven and hell," *Last Things* unfairly seems a disappointment, more of the same old mumble-and-muddle-through. From the very beginning, however, Snow has always had a positive genius for making the wrong promises. He presented himself as a bridge builder between "two cultures," though readers can get more science from Ray Bradbury than from Snow. And just how would one build a bridge from 20th century science to the 19th century novel?—which, after all, is what Snow has been writing.

In another misguided extra-literary self-estimate, Snow has encouraged comparisons with Proust. But interior drama is precisely Snow's weakness. Motives scare him. In *The Light and the Dark* (1947), the second volume in the series, Snow began to exhaust his taste for the tragic in facing up to the morbid life and violent death of Eliot's best friend. The next novel, rather significantly, was titled *Time of Hope*. Snow has tended to keep mad-

ness and despair at arm's length ever since.

Disasters still fascinate him even in *Last Things*: the broken marriage, the career smashed by drink, the unexpected illness. But Snow long ago made a well-modulated commitment to optimism. Disaster is seldom allowed off limits; it is firmly kept in its place. Kindly but patronizing toward the young and the out-of-office—the alien—Snow finds considerable safety in measuring life as a man of the world. He has developed a kind of technique for talking away the unspeakable by those gruffly comforting monologues that pass in a Snow novel for introspection.

Through eleven volumes he has been clearing his throat for a revelation that has never quite come. At the crucial moment, he always ducks into another subplot. Sometimes he seems to keep subplots handy to that purpose. On other occasions he answers his most basic questions with another question, rhetorically: "Did any of us know how policies were really made, in particular the persons who believed they made them?"

Victories and Defeats. What a pity that Snow has misled his readers by advertising profundity. The consequence has been that Snow's real and substantial gifts have gone largely unacknowledged by him and by those who attack him for what he has claimed to be. If his disinclination to explore why men act—or more often don't act—places him outside the contemporary novel, no contemporary has written more knowledgeably about how men act. The guises and disguises of ambition, the glint of fever in the eye when a man is going for the Big Apple, the way a New Man on the make can use the old steppingstones (Cambridge common room, St. James's club)—all this Snow knows with firsthand certainty. For Snow, after all, is one of those who made it: the son of a shoe-factory clerk who became a Cambridge don and a Parliamentary Secretary. Sir Charles Percy Snow. A baron! Snow's heroes are the deserving successes: the realists. How could it be otherwise? They are the illusionless men who sit in committee around conference tables and work out agreements that satisfy no one but at least keep the machinery turning.

Snow may yearn to be apocalyptic, like everybody else. But he really has very little to do with heaven and hell. Limbo is his territory, the area of half-victories and temporary defeats.

In the Age of Aquarius it is not particularly prestigious to be a gray eminence. But that is Snow's destiny. He has written the record of middling men and their middling ways in an often middling time.

Another *Remembrance of Things Past*? Never. Another *Forsyte Saga*? Perhaps. As with Galsworthy, Snow's respectable achievement has been to make honest drama out of the undramatic stuff of compromise.

■ Melvin Maddocks

* With *The Military Philosophers* (1969), Powell arrived at the ninth volume in his *Music of Time* series, with no end in sight.

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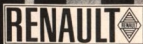
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ROAD LOVE



Before the Fall

PRINCIPLES OF AMERICAN NUCLEAR CHEMISTRY: A NOVEL by Thomas McMahon. 246 pages. Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$5.95.

From the somber afternoon of the nuclear age, two physicists, father and son, look back at its dawn. The elder had helped to build the Bomb. The younger has been blighted by it. The situation seems prefabricated for apologetics or remorse from the father, denunciation or at least contempt from the son. One of the rewarding things about



THOMAS MCMAHON
The catalyst was flesh and blood.

Thomas McMahon's first novel, though, is the total absence of any predictable generation-gap bitterness. The loss of innocence and joy he mourns is both too profound and too vulnerably human for partisanship.

The chemistry in *Principles of American Nuclear Chemistry: A Novel* is not of science, but of flesh and blood. McMahon chooses as his narrator Timmy MacLaurin, a teen-ager who accompanies his father, Harold, first to Oak Ridge and then to Los Alamos. (The similarity of names can hardly be coincidental; though the author was an infant during World War II, his father later participated in development of the hydrogen bomb.) For the scientists in McMahon's New Mexico, the creation of the Bomb involves a minimum of moral anguish and soul searching. There is the war. There is the threat of a Nazi A-bomb. There is intoxication with the new vistas of accomplishment to be

born of the energy they are both creating and taming. Overriding all is the challenge to their talent and the catalyst of such an assemblage of genius supported by resources made available in unprecedented quantity.

Desert Dance. As scientists, they are propelled into a euphoria of creativity. As men, they are overwhelmed. Harold's wife has left quickly to be replaced by Maryann, a sweet, yielding office worker who becomes the mistress-mother that father and son need. She is the link to humanity and joy, a sprite who dances solo on the desert floor in tights and shucks her M.I.T. sweatshirt for sunbathing in mixed company.

But the link is fragile. It breaks under the project's pressure as Harold MacLaurin becomes so totally absorbed by his work that he is useless as lover and father. Timmy weakly explores adolescence without a satisfactory guide. After learning that another scientist had thrust her at Harold in order to provide the peace of mind necessary to assure his productivity, Maryann despairingly takes on all comers in a military-police barracks and disappears.

Timmy tells the story 15 years later in the form of episodic memoirs and unsent messages to Maryann. By now, he is a physicist himself, but a nonfunctioning one, unable to reconcile the remembered excitement, the sense of possibility at Los Alamos with the meanness of technology in the cold war.

Fetishist. McMahon's novel suffers from problems of technique and plotting. Timmy reads minds and recounts the distant intimate activities of others to an extent that damages credibility. Melodrama intervenes at too strategic moments: a convenient suicide wraps up one subplot, a scientist loses his wallet and laundry with cosmic consequences, an offstage Russian turns out to be a sex fetishist rather than a spy.

Yet the voices come through. "The real truth," says the father, "was that we were having a ball." Laments the son: "The Los Alamos days are really over. Scientific work only threatens us now. It never accepts our love, the way it did then." Beyond lost innocence the book is about a problem that troubles the age—a sense of having pursued wrong priorities too hotly, an awareness of the neglect of life and love that results. What is left for Timmy is only the melancholy realization that, after all, his father, and his father's generation, meant him no harm.

■ Laurence I. Barrett

The Old Boxeroonie

BLUE MOVIE by Terry Southern. 287 pages. World. \$6.95.

This is Terry Southern's first novel in eleven years, and the news is that he has given up hard-core scatology. *Blue Movie* has but a single passing reference to excrement, and only one physical freak. Instead, the author is content to employ his demonic imagination

on an almost routine device for writing a pornbook: the step-by-step story of filming the most elaborate stag flick in history.

The Faces of Love, the movie's demure title, is the brainchild of bored Boris Adrian, a film maker in the tradition of Chaplin and Fellini whose previous efforts have exhausted the topics of Death, Infinity and the origin of Time. "What I want to know," asks Boris, "is why are stag films always so ridiculous? Suppose the film were made under studio conditions—feature-length, color, beautiful actors, great lighting. How would it look then?"

"Christ, I can't imagine," says his friend, Producer Sid Krassman. But soon Sid has wrung three million out of the tourist-starved principality of Liechtenstein to help finance the monstrosity and assured the rest by signing up Angela Sterling, "the highest-paid darling of the silver screen—nailing a cool one and a quarter big ones per pic, plus ten percent of the boxeroonie, going in."

Loosed among the grips and rushes, the author of *The Magic Christian* and *Candy* is like a mad puppeteer. The actors whom he manipulates are like the wooden dolls that sometimes illustrate staid sex manuals—except that in Southern's handling there are seldom only two dolls per frame.

The book's best sections deal with Hollywood. Southern's sideswipes are nearly as crude as his characters and just as exuberant. His ear for trade talk is perfect. The book bristles with monstrosities, nifties and thespians used, but never overused, at moments of shattering incongruity. Though he really has no new targets, Southern can skewer venality—as Producer Sid would put it—seven ways to Sunday.

■ Martha Duffy

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *Love Story*, Segal (1 last week)
2. *The Crystal Cave*, Stewart (2)
3. *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, Fowles (3)
4. *Great Lion of God*, Caldwell (4)
5. *The Secret Woman*, Holt (6)
6. *Bech: A Book*, Updike (7)
7. *Calico Palace*, Bristow (8)
8. *Deliverance*, Dickey (5)
9. *Losing Battles*, Welty (9)
10. *The Lord Won't Mind*, Merrick (10)

NONFICTION

1. *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex*, Reuben (1)
2. *The Sensuous Woman*, "J" (2)
3. *Ball Four*, Bouton (3)
4. *Zelda*, Milford (4)
5. *Up the Organization*, Townsend (5)
6. *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, Masters and Johnson (6)
7. *The Wall Street Jungle*, Ney (7)
8. *From Those Wonderful Folks Who Gave You Pearl Harbor*, Della Femina (8)
9. *Mary Queen of Scots*, Fraser (10)
10. *Hard Times*, Terkel (9)

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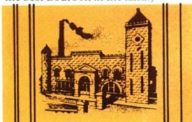


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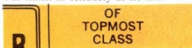
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